No. 555.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

No. 444.

AN IDEAL GIFT—THE "J.B." PEN. *See Coupon, Page 14.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 654. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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MY ELECTION MANIFESTO

BY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Snowy-white, honey sweet confections—first a delightful mint-flavoured candy—then a nerve soothing chew of purest chicle gum They are great favourites with flying men.

They keep the nerves quiet—the mind from wandering—enable concentration on the job in hand.

Chiclets are great favourites in America, the home of Chewing Gum. They are getting to be here as their merits are becoming known.

ADAMS Chiclets

Adams and Beeman's
Pepsin, Black Jack and Sen-Sen Chewing Gum.
All at **5d.** the Packet.
Sold everywhere where sweets are sold.

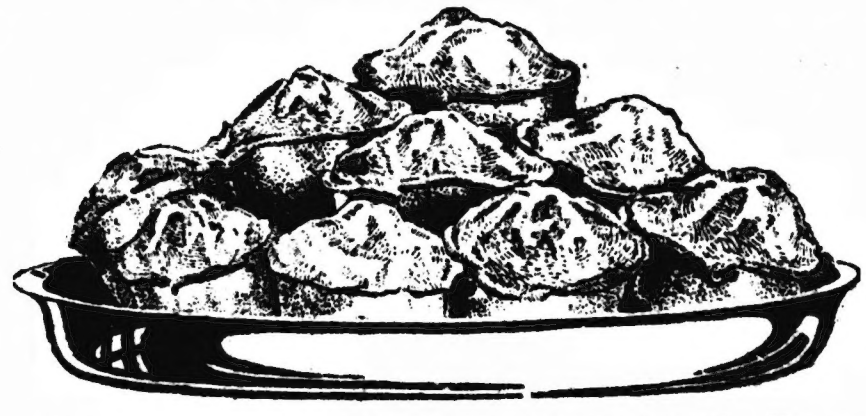
Here is the Secret of Making Sweet Cakes Without Sugar

Go to your Grocer and get a 6½d. packet of

KEENORA
SUGAR SUBSTITUTE

Use it in baking and in cooking just as you would sugar. Remember, of course, that a teaspoonful (flat, not heaped) equals two tablespoonfuls of sugar. It is many times sweeter than sugar. You will have sweet cakes, scones, puddings and tarts. Won't the children be happy! Won't they ask for more!

If you have difficulty in obtaining, send us 6½d. for a trial packet, but also enclose the name of your grocer and we will see he has supplies in future.
Morris & Jones Ltd., Whitechapel, Liverpool.



These sweet buns were made with Keenora (Sugar Substitute). They are delicious. The children love them.

Sir Lordly Loaf.

Some Calders Yeast will quickly raise
A loaf that seems like pre-war days.

Calders Yeast

CALDERS YEAST CO., LTD., Newcastle on Tyne.

Shoot!

HOW TOMMY LOVES FOOTBALL!

He will have plenty of time to play this season and you could not send him a more acceptable present than a pair of Football Boots.

'SUPER'
FOOTBALL BOOTS

OFFICERS desiring to show their appreciation of the splendid work of the men under their command should suggest a "whip round" in their mess and equip their own team with "SUPER" FOOTBALL BOOTS.

TWO STYLES.
19/- & 22/6

Post Free. Money refunded if not approved. State size when ordering
W. Abbott & Sons, Ltd.
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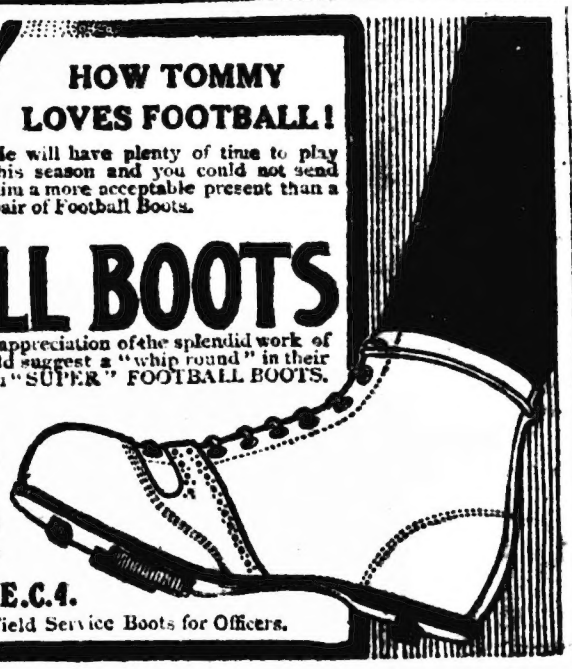
30, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.
Makers of the "SUPER" Field Service Boots for Officers.



I will teach YOU to play brilliantly

without Drudgery, Fatigue or Failure.
MY PIANO CORRESPONDENCE LESSONS are so lucid, interesting, and *entirely effective* that in a few months you will play with spirit and feeling, from **ordinary music**, Songs, Dances, Marches, Hymns, and above all many of the immortal Gems of the Great Masters.
I guarantee success to any average person.
Beginners need not know a note to start.
Send to-day for my illuminating little book:
"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD."
and see what many hundreds, of all ages and stages, say my System has done for them, and **judge for yourself what it can do for you.**

A Lady Elementary Student, after three lessons: "I did the other evening what I have never done before; *I accompanied a song just like an old hand.* It may not seem much to you, but it came as a complete surprise to me and seemed at once to *give me the confidence I have always lacked.*"
Miss L. C. F.
(Harlesden).

A postcard with your full address (Mrs., Miss or Mr.) and the word **Moderate, Elementary** or **Beginner**, will bring my book and a form for free advice and opinion by return.
Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 654. Week ending Saturday, December 14th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

HELP! HELP!! HELP!!!

No! I am not in distress, but I am contesting my old constituency of South Hackney, and I want a mighty Victory. Will you, therefore, come to my Committee Rooms—25, Church Road, Homerton—opposite the North London Railway Station—and give me a hand in canvassing and other directions? And, above all, if you have a motor-car, or a carriage, or even a donkey-cart or a governess-car, it will be worth its weight in platinum if you will give me the use of it on *Saturday next, the 14th*, for the purpose of taking voters to the poll. Write or 'phone to my Committee Rooms (Dalston 1123), and full directions will be sent you. THE EDITOR.

To Tommy and Jack Abroad.

Don't forget to put your cross opposite Mr. Bottomley's name, which you will find on the Ballot Paper you will receive. And be sure to return it, according to directions, in good time. *Don't write anything on it—simply put a* **X** *opposite the name, Bottomley.*

Our Parliamentary Black List.

We regret that considerations of both time and space prevent us from publishing a complete list of candidates who should be supported; but we give a list of some who should *not* be—and don't forget it.

Bottomley for South Hackney

Watch America.

We are very far from happy about the attitude of America at the Peace Conference. President Wilson is, to a large extent, a dreamer. He belongs to the League of *Notions*.

What's This?

We have before us a letter written by an Ayr firm of corn dealers, telling its customer that it cannot execute his order as "the Government require more grain than ever to send to Germany." We thought the British prisoners had been returned.

Those Air Raids.

Now that this danger is passed, there is no objection to our stating, in reply to many enquirers, that on the night of January 28th, the works of our printers and publishers were to a large extent demolished, with great loss of life, and that on Whit-Sunday a large portion of the building containing our London rooms and personal offices was similarly damaged. But in each case our own private room escaped.

Cheer Them Up.

Why not have bands at the various railway stations when returning prisoners arrive? At present their reception is often cold and uninspiring.

Text for Peace Conference—

How is this, from the Second Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, ch. 8, v. xi.: "Now therefore perform the *doing* of it; that as there was readiness to *will*, so there may be a *performance* also, out of that which ye have"?

Bottomley for South Hackney

And Here's Another.

And another reverend reader refers us to Psalm xiv., for a true description of the Hun: "They are altogether become filthy," it runs. Look it up.

To Help the Seasiders.

One way to assist seaside landladies, boatmen and others, in the coming summer, would be to anchor out in the roads some of the Hun ships which bombarded the towns, so that visitors could be taken out to inspect them.

Insurance Company Candidates.

The presence in the field of Insurance Company directors and other officials as candidates, affords an excellent opportunity for the oppressed Collectors to get their own back by insisting on an adequate war bonus, and better treatment generally.

A Punning Poet.

Said the Kaiser, "The war is a long 'un,
And they all say that I am a wrong 'un:
So to Holland I'll flee,
To the place, don't you see,
That was named after me—Amerongen!"

May not be high-class poetry—but it's as good as anything the Laureate has done.

Unidentified Soldiers.

We understand that amongst the soldiers now arriving from German camps are many who, from loss of memory, shell-shock, and other causes, cannot be identified. They should all be sent to some central camp, and their photographs forwarded to enquirers for "missing" men.

Nothing Doing.

We recently mentioned that a body of Welsh readers had sent us a beautiful cigar case, and asked, jocularly, "Where are the cigars?" We have since been warned by many correspondents to be on our guard against Hun tricks to poison us. *But we don't smoke*—which is our only vice!

The Railways.

So they *are* to be nationalised. That point was settled between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. J. H. Thomas, in the train, on the way to Newcastle.

Our Peace Delegates.

It should be a condition of the appointment of any delegate to the Peace Conference that he should hold no interest of any kind in any German undertaking.

Power of the Press.

After the way in which we have brought Ministers round on the question of Indemnity, the Kaiser, Alien Enemies, and the "Freedom of the Seas," who can doubt the power of the Press?

The Man for Chiswick.

Despite the unfair opposition he has had to encounter, Col. Grant Morden should have an easy task. Mrs. Strachey is quite impossible—whilst the Labour candidate, Mr. Hayward, is eager to welcome the German back "in brotherhood"! A great industrial pioneer, Col. Morden has already rendered splendid service to the country, and "Brentford and Chiswick" will soon be proud of its Member.

"Empire Jack."

Good luck to Lt.-Col. Sir J. Norton Griffiths in his fight against his "dumped" opponents, the unwelcome Guest, and the mild Blizard!

Bottomley for South Hackney

True Great Ness.

The Rev. F. G. Stanley, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Great Ness, announces that on the first Sunday in the New Year he will take as his text a recent article of ours on Religion After the War. We must find out where Great Ness is!

A Tip to Twickenham.

Surely, too, Mr. Joynson Hicks should have little trouble in shaking off the Rev. Humphrey Chalmers, who, during the war, wrote: "I am opposed to all war, and cannot in any way support recruiting." Twickenham cannot in any way support *him*.

From the *London Gazette*, December 6, 1918:

"Adjudication Annulled and Receiving Order Rescinded: Bottomley, Horatio William (described in the Receiving Order as Horatio Bottomley), 56a, Pall Mall, Westminster, Member of Parliament. (Grounds: All debts paid in full.)"

The War Material Ramp.

The question is, are we going to rep at the post-Boer War ramp in regard o accumulated war mate ial? It is stated that an official in the War Office has offered to di pose of 10,000 motor bicycles, minus saddles and magnetos, at 10s. apiece. If tha is true, it is infamous. There is £500,000,000 worth of war material to be disposed of. W are going to see that the Contractors who waxed fat in selling it do not wax twice as fat in buying it back.

Cars for Drivers.

And, by the bye, why not sell to motor transport drivers, on the instalment plan, the machines they hav driven, so that they can set up in business for themselves? It would save trouble in demobilisation, get rid of the cars at a fair price, and dish the contractor.

Wood on the East Coast.

On the bleak East Coast the Army is dismantling great numbers of works formed of timber and brushwood. Some of the timber may be used again; but a great deal is perished, and the brushwood is useless except for kindling. Yet all this surplus wood is stacked and stored, to be sold, perhaps in the spring or summer, when nobody will need it. If it were sold now in lots from time to time, it would benefit the poor, realise a little money, and ease the coal trouble locally. Is the idea too commonsensible for the War Office?

When Coal Went Overboard.

One of His Majesty's ships, making for Liverpool, was run aground in the Mersey. As water began to encroach and tugs failed to shift the vessel, lighters were brought alongside and the ammunition transferred to ease ship. Her coal, also, was taken out, but no lighters being provided for it, it was thrown overboard, emptied into the water, at least 1,000 tons of it. We are told, "The more coal you save, the more goes to the Navy." But the Navy does not assist the saving when she empties her bunkers into the tide.

Christmas Fruit.

The prices of fruits, nuts, and similar little niceties that help to make a real Christmas are a shameless imposition upon poor people. With sad eyes they must see their children disappointed and in tears. Nuts at 2s. 6d. a pound are beyond a scanty purse, while selling them by weight instead of by the pint is a legalised outrage. Peas, haricot beans, and other commodities are also sold in this way instead of by measure—a scheme that gives the profiteer an unholy advantage. Is there no brave, thoughtful soul in authority willing to save the people's Christmas?

A Feeble Excuse.

Faced with the imminent prospect of defeat in West Leicester, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is climbing down in a hurry. His wretched plea now is that if ever he slandered the honour of Britain, or belittled the holy cause of the Allies, it was not from any malign intention, but because he was unmanned by the shock of war. "His friends," he thinks, "will forgive him if he said anything that was rash, or put things down that were hard and not so qualified, perhaps, as they ought to have been." If we could for a moment accept this lame excuse, it would be with the proviso that for such weak-minded emotionalists the country will have no use in the stern times ahead.

An Elevenpenny Loaf?

The Shetland Isles are a long way from the centre of things, and that may be the reason why the 9d. loaf costs 10d. there. Distance, however, does not lend enchantment to the view of the bakers that they may put yet another penny on the price. It would be flat robbery from the people's pockets, impudent as well as unauthorised.

The "Galwey Castle."

In the case of the *Galway Castle*, torpedoed in September last, there was a distressing list o women and children victims of the atrocity. The greater number were third-class passengers, and it is said they were left to their own devices in the hour of death, no person in authority going near them. The whole story is inexpressibly sad, and it is a merciful thing that the seas are now freed from such fiendish horrors.

Workhouse Diet.

Poor old people from Paddington Workhouse have been transferred to the similar institution in St. Marylebone, and bitterly do they regret the change. These decayed parishioners include two Crimean veterans and other old heroes of war and industry, and their plain tale is that the new scale of diet is below what is necessary to life. Why one workhouse should feed worthy inmates worse than its next-door neighbour did, is a mystery which the Local Government Board would do well to probe.

You Can See It at the "B.M."

It has been practically impossible for an ordinary member of the public to obtain a copy of the Official Navy and Army Lists during the last few years, and rightly so, too, for much valuable information might thus have been imparted to the enemy. Any reader, however, could obtain these very same volumes on application in the British Museum Reading Room, and consult the details without let or hindrance. Half the visitors to the Reading Room are estimated by an official to be aliens—so what is to be said of the lax methods of the Trustees?

Different Treatment.

One of our men, of the famous 7th Division, prisoner since the first battle of Ypres, was lately travelling up north towards home. At York he entered a compartment labelled:—"North Eastern Railway. Engaged. For Prisoners. From Church Fenton to Catterick." He would have been ordered out, but two British officers vacated their own compartment like true gentlemen, so that the Huns could ride in it and their fellow-soldiers be undisturbed. Says our Tommy, he never once saw in Germany a paper printed to give privileges to British prisoners!

A Striking Episode.

Mrs. May Evelyn Just, a sweet thing of 45, residing at Rodney Court, Maida Vale, smacked the face of a taxi-man, and reviled him as a "cursed English swine." Subsequently, at the Marylebone Police Court, Mrs. Just was described as "the wife of an Army officer," her unladylike behaviour being traced to the influence of wine. So far, so bad; but may we enquire in which of the world's Armies this woman's husband holds a commission, and in what country she was herself born? It was, to say the least, a striking circumstance that as soon as the virago's tongue was loosed by liquor, the word "English" should have occurred to her as the handiest term of abuse.

Lots of Sugar.

They told us blandly in the dying Parliament that we may not hope for relief as to sugar restrictions. Yet there is plenty of sugar in the country—plenty, and then some. Compared with previous war years, the present relative surplus is over 189,000 tons. There seems no shadow of excuse for refusing to release some of this sweet stuff.

Trinity House Again.

Evidence of the meanness of Trinity House continues to accumulate. Its poor old pensioners get thinner and thinner, but it sit on its money-bags. So it does in he case of a servant, joined-up after ten years' toil for 30s. a week. His wife has received no allowance whatever from Trinity House, while his job is jobbed by two old chaps for 10s. each. The House saves 10s. a week by its soldier servant, but gives his wife not a penny of it.

Below the Belt.

In Thatcham, Berkshire, the majority of the villagers are employed by the Calthrop Board and Paper Mill, who also own their cottages. The workers have been on strike, claiming the conditions usual in other papermills. To counteract this, they have been notified:—"We hereby give you one week's notice to leave the house you occupy, and give us possession in the same tenantable condition as you entered it." That is an unworthy weapon to employ in any dispute.

Gaol for the Old 'Uns.

It is time these sentences of imprisonment on old men on the edge of the grave for concealing two penn'orth of income in order to keep their Old Age Pension were stopped. How many of the Magistrates' friends rig their Income Tax returns? And these other old men, like the fellow of 74, sentenced at Marylebone to a month, are living from hand to mouth on a miserably insufficient allowance. The Magistrate said it was "a very disagreeable task to send a respectable old man to gaol." Then why did he do it?

"The Way They Have in the Army."

During the campaign against the Mahsuds, a Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant of the Royal Sussex Regiment, finding that the supply of water had run short, asked for volunteers to go, under fire, to a river. He accompanied those who responded. Whilst getting the water, two hold-alls were pierced with bullets and rendered useless. Next morning the Sergeant was reprimanded—apparently because the hold-alls were damaged. In any other Army a high distinction would have been conferred upon the man instead.

Missing the Fund.

Before we give our contribution to the Nation's Fund for Nurses we should like to know where the money's going. The purport of the Fund is to benefit a limited company, "The College of Nursing, Ltd." What is the object of this concern? Has it anything to do with the passing of the Nurses' Registration Bill, which will shortly deprive the employers of nurses of their reservoir of cheap labour? The Fund must be already enormous. For instance, £16,000 was netted at the Albert Hall Ball, and £6,000 at a Tombola in Manchester. Who's going to administer it? And why are Lady Cowdray, Sir Arthur Stanley and the other organisers calling this sinking fund for a company "The Nation's Fund for Nurses"?

No Hun-Baked Bread.

The once Hun-infested bakery trade, having cleansed itself, must take care to keep clean when the German dough-punchers try to creep back to their haunts. Nobody will ever wish to eat bread made by their dirty hands; war bread has been bad enough, but Hun bread would be worse. So the baker will please watch his bake-house. And the public will watch its bakers.

Coal and Coke.

The Fuel Controller at Shanklin appears to be responsible for a state of affairs the legality of which may be arguable and is decidedly unsatisfactory. Every householder is bound by him to take some of his coal in coke. To make that Irishism clear, a person taking 6 cwt. of coal must also accept 3 cwt. of coke, whether he needs it or not. To make matters worse, the price of the coke is the same as that of the coal. Why is there such an affection for coke in official circles at Shanklin?

A Vicar's Impertinence.

The law of England permits a man to marry his deceased wife's sister; the Vicar of Cromford, Derbyshire, doesn't. If a parishioner avail himself of his legal rights, the Vicar gets rude and nasty, that being the way he is built. The other day a lady member of the Vicar's flock married her deceased sister's husband at Bakewell, whereupon, the very next Sunday, the Vicar made a statement on the subject from the pulpit of the Parish Church and read a letter from the Bishop. Like his holy cheek!

Benzol.

Benzol has always been recognised as a first-class motive power, but it used to be ruled out as a motor-spirit because of the cost of setting up the plant. But soon we shall be "scrapping" the plant erected everywhere for high explosives, and it could easily be adapted for manufacturing benzol—which could be sold profitably at 1s. a gallon, thus rendering motoring a pleasure for the many. Unless, of course, the Petrol Combines are strong enough to stand in the way and to retain motoring only for the rich.

The Ship They Saved.

Early in 1917, when near Crete, the s.s. *Huntsend* was tickled in her ribs by a torpedo. An escorting destroyer took everybody off and steamed away, leaving her lurching badly. The wireless had called for help, and up came, at full tilt, another destroyer. The deserted boat was boarded by volunteers. They achieved marvels by getting the ship to go and sticking to her until she was beached for repairs. She has since come to England, but the men who salved her have not seen a penny of their well-earned reward.

A Holy Draw.

Excuse us, but we always understood that lotteries, tombolas, raffles—call them what you like—were both wicked and illegal. The first idea must be quite wrong though, for at St. Edmund's Church, Manchester, they are having a Christmas Draw—raffling a goose, a bottle of whisky, a sack of potatoes, and a Christmas pudding—in aid of the Organ Fund. As to the legal aspect of the matter, it appears that, although the thing is going on under his very beak, so to speak, Chief Constable Peacock hasn't fluttered a feather—and we don't say that we blame him. Both in law and morals we evidently have still something to learn.

Boycott!

Here is the true gospel of patriotism according to Alderman Barton, Mayor of Newport, Isle of Wight: "If they found any tradesman prepared to treat Germans as they had been treated before, let them have nothing to do with that tradesman." That's the kind of "economic boycott" that every customer can arrange for himself. Let's begin it now!

The Old Workers.

Contractors and other employers, who have been glad of the services of the elderly or old men who stepped so gamely into the breach, must not be too brisk in scrapping them now. It is idle to call a man "too old at 60" to-day when he was young enough yesterday. In controlled establishments, at any rate, it should be easy to prevent injustice.

The R.I.C.

It is about time that the pensions for the Royal Irish Constabulary were revised. They have a very hard life of it, and yet all the constable receives now as maximum pension is £58 18s. 8d., while a sergeant gets £69 6s. 8d., and a Head Constable £84. 18s. 8d. We do not expect them to get the rates of the City of London Police, but at least they might have as much as the bobbies in provincial towns like Sunderland or Nottingham.

"Parson's Compliments."

Recently, we told of the Rev. Newton Parsons, Rector of Pen Selwood, tending wounded Huns at Devonport. In his magazine he wrote about them, saying, "They are dear boys, and if any of you would like to send me some flowers or cigarettes for them I should be glad." Our simple comment was:—"Charity covers a multitude of sins." However, there really *were* some dear boys on the spot—our own wounded lads—and they showed their disapproval of Parson Parsons in the usual manner. He has since been shifted elsewhere. He will be sadly missed—by his dear Huns.

Jiggery-Pokery.

A Cheshire reader went to Baldwins Limited, Newport, Mon., as a War Munitions Volunteer, but the Government did not pay him his Subsistence Allowance, so after a few weeks' struggle to keep two homes going, he was compelled to throw up the job. This was in September last, but at the time of writing the man has not received a penny in respect of his out-of-pocket expenses at Monmouth, although there was the usual undertaking that if he left home he would receive an extra allowance of 17s. 6d. a week. The work of the Ministry of Munitions is not finished yet, and if this is the best they can do in the financial line, they had better cashier their cashier.

A Mockery of Marriage.

What do the opponents of Divorce Law Reform make of a case like this? Eighteen years ago a London girl married a young Irish solicitor, never dreaming of the fate in store for her. Two years after the marriage the husband went away to Canada, where he established himself in practice, but he has never arranged for his wife to join him, and for sixteen long years has contributed not a penny towards her support, although apparently there is no evidence which would justify the wife in seeking a divorce. Would it be so terribly wicked to release a good woman from the prison of dead hopes in which already she has spent the fairest of her days?

On the Road.

Commercial travellers would appreciate a reduction in the price of their railway tickets, especially for week-ends. Times have been severe for them, hotel charges having leaped to a giddy height. It cannot be contended that the bagman travels "for pleasure," and the continuance of big railway fares is a hit at trade as well as at his pocket.

Justice for the Volunteer Women.

Isn't it about time that the women who volunteered for overseas war work in 1914 received some recognition? The conditions of their work in those first months of war may be imagined. They have been elbowed out of control by all sorts of quite valuable organisations, but they have kept up their work uncomplainingly *at their own expense*. And they aren't allowed even to wear chevrons!

The Banned Butter.

Here is one instance of the cruel hardship of that prohibition against sending any foodstuffs out of Ireland. A soldier's wife, with five young children, were all laid up ill, and the mother was nearing confinement. Relations in Ireland, knowing butter was a rarity, sent some by registered post. Of course it has never arrived—the Food Controller has forbidden it. But it is a wicked shame that the thing should be so—that folk with plenty may not send a little to a sufferer with none.

An Indian View.

From India comes a printed "Appeal" to Indians, written in the native tongue and circulated all over that country by Hasan Ali, S. Postmaster, of Sanawar, on his return from the Egyptian front. "Oh! brave Indians!" he writes, "We are living the most peaceful life under the British Raj." So he advises them:—"Obliterate the name of the enemy from the very existence, so that one should not experience any danger or distress all one's life." That is a sentiment worthy of our Albert Hall meeting!

In a London Workroom.

Into a Stoke Newington establishment where Army contracts are still running was introduced the daughter of an interned German. She was not welcomed, remarks were made—and two British girls, one a soldier's wife, were turned away. The step was resented by all the other girls, who downed tools and refused to work with the fraulein. There was then no alternative but to dismiss her, and she went, blessed by the superiors and presented with money gifts. When the couple of British girls were discharged, they received from the firm neither good wishes nor good money. Some people still love the wrong kind.

A Brutal Outrage.

Ours is the greatest Empire upon which the sun ever shone, but there are dark spots in it here and there. At Worcester, South Africa, a white farmer, Jacobus Malan Hugo—not an Englishman, thank God—beat a black man to death; flogged him with a sjambok till he died of heart failure. Of course, the brutal ruffian was hanged or sent to penal servitude? Not a bit of it. He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment and £100 fine; afterwards he was let off the imprisonment because there was a lot of contagious sickness in the gaol, and it might not have been healthy for him. We have no hesitation in telling General Botha that this sort of thing is a disgrace to his Government.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P.

DEAR PREMIER,—Sorry to trouble you in the Election week, but I am particularly interested in your proposal to provide land for demobilised soldiers who wish to engage in farming. I understand that the only step so far taken has been to ask men already engaged in farm-work if they would like to stop with their present employers; but this obviously has little relation to the ideal you have set before us. If you could see your way to be a little more explicit, I should be pleased.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Pro-Hun Candidate, Leicester.

DEAR VOTESNATCHER,—Fact is, my lad, if you go on eating your words at the rate you are doing, you will be a martyr to dyspepsia before Christmas. We are now asked to believe that you always supported the Allied cause and wanted to whack the Germans, and that if ever you said anything to the contrary, it was merely froth and bubble, not worth recalling now that the war is won. Speaking as a man with a fair average swallow, I tell you frankly that I don't believe a word of it. And neither does Leicester.

JOHN BULL.

To J. E Pendleton, Esq., Mayor of Nottingham.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—So you're another; one of those. I mean, who are horribly afraid we are going to be hard on the Huns. Looking to the future, you trust that "as a people we shall harbour in our hearts no vindictive feelings of revenge." Frankly, I tell you that I do not understand this sort of talk, nor for the life of me can I see what decent purpose it is calculated to serve. For myself, I say honestly that I hate the Hun butchers with all my heart and soul, and consider no punishment too bad for them. Not barbaric revenge, certainly, but stern retributive justice, according to the utmost severity of the civilised code, we want and mean to have.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Ian Macpherson, Under-Secretary for War.

DEAR UNDER-SECRETARY,—I am told that many members of the Dominion Forces with parents or other relatives in this country are being discharged and sent to their overseas homes without an opportunity of saying good-bye to the old folks. Surely in all such cases the man should be allowed a week or two furlough in England before sailing. You may tell me, of course, that the matter is not within your province, but probably a word from the War Office in the right quarter would have the desired effect.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edwin Cornwall, Bart., Chairman, National Health Insurance Commission.

SIR,—During the recent epidemic very serious hardship has been caused by the new rule requiring notice of incapacity in the first three days of illness. People have been struck down without the least warning, and, it having been impossible for them to give notice until the worst of the illness was over, they have, in many instances, been robbed for several weeks of benefit. Clearly, the new rule cannot stand in its present form. Please give the matter your immediate attention.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Dr. Christopher Addison, Minister of Reconstruction.

DEAR "DOC."—I am not much enamoured of your proposed Out-of-Work Donations, and unless you are prepared to do something a lot better than this for the demobilised soldiers and sailors, I shall have a much larger bone to pick with you than any you ever saw in the dissecting-room. I was always doubtful of the wisdom of appointing you to your present job, and I am bound to say that your published schemes have done little more than confirm my misgivings. At any rate, believe me that for any failure of grateful duty towards our fighting men the Government will be held to stern account.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. G. Parsons, Director, Premium Watch Company, South Lambeth Road, S.W.

DEAR SHARPER,—You may be interested to know that from Land's End to John o' Groats people are still complaining to me about your rotten watch and ring swindles, and in view of certain advice I am giving them, you may expect soon to hear from the police. The only thing is that you seem to have found victims all over the country, so that it is a job to know where to begin. Perhaps you will let me know by return of post in which town you prefer to be prosecuted.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Buxton, Governor-General of South Africa.

DEAR PROCONSUL,—Are you prepared to swear, on your honour as an Englishman, that all the people recommended for honours in connection with the late campaign in "German" South-West Africa are of pure British extraction or undiluted Dutch? My reason for enquiring is that, on a close inspection of the list, it looks almost as though one or two of the beaten Boches had crept in by mistake. I am well aware, of course, that some Dutch names have a Teutonic flavour, but certain information has reached me, and I am not quite satisfied. Do please be careful.

JOHN BULL.

To Major the Hon. Waldorf Astor, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food.

DEAR MAJOR,—As you are the nearest approach to a Food Controller we have at the moment, I venture to suggest that it should be the aim of your Department to bring about a reduction of the inflated prices of common foodstuffs, which are causing such grave hardship to the poor. It remains my firm conviction that an enormous amount of profiteering has been going on, and I shall be disappointed if your Department should close down before the principal offenders have been brought to book. Should you not be promoted to the vacancy, perhaps you will pass this on to your new chief.

JOHN BULL.

TAFFYS WHO WERE THIEVES.

MISTAKEN LENIENCY TO SHAMELESS PROFITEERS.

It is really time that Mr. Lloyd George found the means of keeping some of his fellow-countrymen in order. First it was Sir Henry Lewis—we notice, by the way, that he is among the most fervent of the Prime Minister's supporters in the Carnarvon Boroughs—whose firm could not for the life of them remember the legal price of oats, with the result that they got themselves convicted and fined at Llanwrst and Bangor. Now we find that Messrs. Owen L. Harries, Thomas Harries, and Evan Harries, of Swansea, trading as Harries Brothers and Co., and as Norton and Co., were charged that being the owners of a steamship they "did unlawfully receive certain freights in excess of the maximum rates of freight for carriage of coal." The defendants had traded shamelessly upon the acute shortage of coal in France brought about by the war, turning to profit in a way that was flagrantly illegal the distresses of an Allied population. Under the Defence of the Realm Act the defendants were liable to both fine and imprisonment, and in view of all the circumstances of the case, we are at a loss to understand why Mr. Llewellyn Williams, K.C., as prosecuting counsel, should have told the Bench that he "did not ask" for this combined punishment. The decision of the Magistrates—reached, we are told, after fifty minutes' deliberation—was to fine the defendants £100 on each of 21 summonses—half the maximum penalty under the Act—and £1,200 costs between them, the understanding being that the illegal profits were to be surrendered. So the thievish gamble did not come so very expensive after all.

THE GOTHA GAMBLE.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT SCOOPED THE POOL.

Of course the Government are not among the profiteers—if anyone suggests it at a Coalition Meeting, he will have to be thrown out for impudence—but a question or two about that Air Raid and Bombardment Insurance Scheme may do no harm. With great respect, therefore, we beg to ask: What is the total amount of the claims that have been paid? What are the total profits on the Insurance Scheme to date? What is to become of the Premiums that have been paid to cover the period from August, 1918, to September, 1919, the risk of air raids or bombardments being now practically at an end? Perhaps, to save Mr. Lloyd George's time—he is in a tearing hurry to get back to Downing Street—we may say that, according to reliable estimates, the premiums paid under the scheme exceed the damage by a sum in the neighbourhood of £10,000,000. It has been officially announced that there is no intention of returning premiums, or any part of them, except in those few cases where money was paid in advance on policies due for renewal after November 11th, 1918, when the Armistice was signed. In its essence an insurance policy is a wagering contract, and in this case the Government, whose niggardly handling of claims has been a crying scandal, have won heavily. In accepting premiums since August last, the Government has virtually been betting on the duration of the war, and having won the hazard, they intend to hang on to the stakes. Yet when the Red Cross people wanted to raffle their pearls permission was refused because gambling was "so demoralising, don't you know."

AN APPALLING TRAGEDY.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT SHEPHERDS BUSH.

Hoping it is not a grave crime and misdemeanour, we venture to state that a few weeks ago a disastrous explosion and fire occurred at Blake's Munition Works, Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush, W. No fewer than thirteen people lost their lives, and it is said that, if the fire had reached the magazine—a calamity which was narrowly averted—we might have had a repetition of the holocaust at Silvertown. Unfortunately, the causes of the disaster are wrapped in mystery, the evidence at the inquest being insufficient to enable the jury to arrive at a satisfactory verdict. We suggest, however, that the cessation of fighting ought not to be made an excuse for burking further enquiry, especially in view of the unsatisfactory record of the Wood Lane establishment in respect of fatal accidents. The relatives of the victims, most of them literally burnt alive, have a right to be assured, if such an assurance is possible, that every precaution was taken to avert the risk of accident, and to cope effectively with any unforeseen disaster. We should like to know, for instance, whether for technical reasons and would not have been a more effective agency than water for the extinction of the fire, and, if so, whether an adequate supply, and suitable appliances, were at hand in case of emergency. Also we should welcome an assurance that at the date of the accident there was no one in any position of authority at Wood Lane who lay under just suspicion of negligence in the handling of explosive material. Finally, it is to be hoped that there is now no need to continue the manufacture of explosives in this populous neighbourhood.

THE VITAL POINTS!

Pinning Them Down!

IT IS SWINE-FEVER!

THE GREAT 'FLU SCANDAL EXPOSED.

On November 9th we suggested that 'flu was really swine-fever; later we hinted that America might send some of her "bacon" to the Germans—and make them eat it; and last week we noted that the Newcastle Food Committee had acted on our first suggestion, and given the 'flu its true name; while a Newcastle doctor had successfully treated 400 "'flu" patients for swine fever. Now comes the absolute confirmation of our suspicions. And it is enough to make our hair stand on end. *It is swine-fever*—with a vengeance. That fact was first established by doctors in France, when our soldiers began to fall ill of the mysterious malady. The doctors reported; and the importation of American bacon was stopped. So far so good! Thanks to these powerful measures, the ravages of the plague in the Army were checked. But what was done here at home, where the market was being flooded with American bacon? Nothing—absolutely nothing! The importation was not forbidden; and the public were not told. Why not? These are questions which everybody who has been infected, and every relative of everybody who has died of the plague, will demand to be answered. Why were we not told? Why was not the importation stopped? It must be mentioned here that the germ of this disease is so virulent that when a pig is infected it has to be killed and buried straight away, with sulphates to kill the poison. It is not necessary to eat the bacon to be infected. In fact, vegetarians are easy victims. If you import the bacon the whole country is open to the ravages of the disease. And we want to know why we were delivered over to this plague. Is it believable that the military authorities in France knew and the Food Control Department here did *not* know? And, if the Department knew, what interest other than the public interest could prevent it from immediate and drastic action? ***Why has such kindness been shown both to the American Meat Trust and to American bacon?*** A candid statement on these pressing points must be made at once; *all* the people can't be fooled—or victimised—*all* the time!

MURDERED IN ENGLAND.

RETURNED PRISONER LET LOOSE TO DIE.

There is nothing to be added to what we all—except Lord Newton—know about the way our boys were treated while prisoners in Germany, and how they have been turned out, starving and broken, to find their way to our lines. We cannot write calmly on that subject because our blood boils—not so much at the deviltry of the Hun as the poltroonery of our officials in suffering meekly the perpetration of the outrages. But here is a new deviltry in continuation of the old one—and committed, not in Hunland, but in England, "when the boys had come home." If we thought this happened in every case we should do—well, what we cannot well threaten in a newspaper. But if the shameful thing could happen once, it can happen twice; and that it should happen once is a black disgrace. Pte. Ward Mills, of the 18th Lancs. Fus., enlisted in 1914 at the age of 17. He was taken prisoner on March 26th of this year in the British reverse on the Western Front. He suffered hell, and was changed from a bonny lad to a mere walking skeleton. In that condition he was turned loose after the Armistice was signed. Somehow or other he staggered to the British lines and was examined and bathed, and passed on. At Dover he was bathed again, and "marked fit to travel." We decline to believe he was examined. For the doctor who examined him on arrival at his home in Wrexham found him dying from long-standing ill-treatment and starvation. And, by-the-bye, no notice was sent of his coming. He just stumbled suddenly into the house, dazed and dying. Nothing was done to help him from Dover to Wroxham—beyond giving him a railway ticket. As the Huns had turned him loose, so did his countrymen. And his death now lies at their door. Here is burning need for enquiry. We want the persons responsible punished; we want this sort of thing stopped. Of course, we all know that "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart"—but it *shouldn't* be; least of all should our officials comfortably circumstanced at home—who have probably always had "kushi" jobs—be so diabolically indifferent.

HERE STANDS A POST!

OBSTRUCTING AN ANCIENT WAY AT HUGHENDEN.

In the parish of Hughenden, Bucks, which is sacred to the memory of Dizzy, somebody has erected an obstruction. There is an ancient bridle path, or way, belonging to Hughenden, from Hazlemere, debouching on the Wycombe-Aylesbury road. It is part of the old hackney way, used by cattle-drivers from days as hoary in antiquity as the Chiltern Hills around it. Behind the swing gate that forms an entrance to the path somebody has planted a post firmly into the ground, so that the gate can only be partly opened, leaving a passage of but fifteen inches for a traveller to push through. That is all the accommodation that remains for man; for his beast there is none. This is the second time such an obstruction has been set up on the same spot, so it looks like the thin edge of a wedge which is intended to rob the public, ultimately, of a valuable right of way. The Footpaths and Commons Preservation Society should come to the rescue and keep wide open the gate of that ancient hackney way.

A DUD INVESTMENT.

THE HISTORY OF A PATENT PILL.

As an example of the wrong sort of business man, commend us to Mr. John Dawson, pill manufacturer, of Wolverhampton. Having stuffed his neighbours up with as many of his priceless "fruit pills" as they are willing to swallow, Mr. Dawson has made plans "to extend the sales of the pills throughout the United Kingdom." As long ago as last June he was advertising in the newspapers, and informing his correspondents that out of a proposed share capital of £300, as much as £200 had already been subscribed; but since then the project, if straightforward business was ever intended, seems to have hung fire—for no particulars have yet been filed at the Joint Stock Registry, nor, although he has been using the style of the Fruit Pills Company, has Dawson yet troubled to register his business under the Business Names Act. Meanwhile, to cite a case we have investigated, a soldier, who somewhat recklessly parted with £10 on the strength of Dawson's undertaking to pay a dividend of 2s. monthly on each £2 share, has received not a farthing of interest on his investment, his letters demanding the return of the money having failed to elicit a reply. If Mr. Dawson's reputation is worth anything, he should at once take steps to clear it.

HODGE'S MINIMUM WAGE.

GERMAN PRISONERS DISPLACE BRITISH LABOUR.

The Board of Agriculture needs to keep a sharp eye on the two questions of the agricultural labourer's minimum wage and the employment of German prisoners. At West Malling, Kent, hands on a farm, at which they had worked for nearly two years, were put to the task of pulling mangels, and told they would be paid at the rate of £1 an acre. The four men concerned found that this did not mean a living wage, as at the end of the week there was only 12s. each for all their toil. The minimum wage of 33s. went, you see, by the board. Nor was that all. After making the men wait till late on a rainy day before paying them, the manager coolly informed them they need not come any more, as German prisoners had been engaged, those Huns being conveyed by train from Maidstone each morning. This specific case, it will be seen, clashes badly with the Government's announcement the other day that "it was the policy of the authorities only to employ German prisoner labour when British labour could not be obtained and never in substitution for it. There had been no case of an Englishman being dismissed to make room for German labour"!

SEQUEL TO SHOT AT DAWN.

FURTHER PROOF OF THE NEED FOR DRASTIC COURT-MARTIAL REFORM.

THERE will be many echoes of the great war. Before that work of social reconstruction, on which the mind of the nation is properly centred, is entered upon there are matters affecting the liberties of the British citizen which must claim the attention of Parliament, and the right of the citizen soldier to a fair trial when his conduct or courage is impugned is a best charge on the responsibilities of the House of Commons. Although it may be argued that the war is over, and what has happened can never happen again, we are not sure of that; in any event it does not relieve this journal of its public responsibility in regard to the injustices and wrongs to which it has called the attention of the War Office.

We make no apology for referring again to a case made public by us as long ago as last February, which, it is not too much to say, sent a thrill of horror through the country. "Shot at Dawn" was the story of a young fellow, 21 years of age—boasting as forebears a long line of fighting men, both naval and military—who was tried in France under conditions which were a travesty of justice and who was shot in the grey light of daybreak under circumstances of gross and heartless callousness. When that article was written the war was in full blast, and although we felt it our duty to speak plainly, it was obviously difficult to probe the matter to the bottom. The information, then only meagre, which came into our possession has now been confirmed, and we say unhesitatingly, that under the existing system of court-martial a like grave and cruel miscarriage of justice might occur in the future. That unhappy lad was condemned to death and shot on the evidence of a fellow-officer whose record was such as to discredit his testimony had that record been known at the time. It is with no desire to be vindictive that we declare that Sub-Lieut. John Leigh Herring, of the Royal Naval Division—"my one and only enemy," as the poor boy wrote to his parents—was a witness whose character and credibility ought to have been challenged at the time. But how could any Counsel, however able, deal with this witness when the Prisoner's Friend, as he is called, was only charged with the solemn duty of defence within a brief interval of the Court-Martial?

Now, quite deliberately, we give the record of Herring, not because we wish to pillory the officer whose evidence sent the lad to his death, but because we are determined to leave nothing undone which will lead to a radical reform in the system of Courts-Martial. This witness's history is somewhat as follows:—He went to Charterhouse, from which school he was expelled, and then to Cambridge, where he was "sent down." He is the son of a Harley Street doctor, and his record is described as "a mania for imposing on people with dud cheques." At the outbreak of war he obtained a commission in the 2-8th Middlesex Regiment, and among other episodes of his stay with this battalion was included the hiring of a motor-car at the cost of £45 for his own use, but on the representation that it was on behalf of the battalion. He misappropriated the regimental sports funds to the extent of £15, and "dud" cheques were drawn for a similar amount. But that was his record in England. When the battalion went to Gibraltar he was put under arrest, having given the regimental paymaster a bogus cheque for £20. He was released, managed to negotiate further cheques to the tune of £600, and was again put under arrest. With a view to avoiding a scandal he was allowed to resign his commission—a course favoured by the then Governor of Gibraltar, Lt.-General Herbert Miles—and he was gazetted out in June, 1915.

Thus ended Herring's career in the Army proper, and he came home—borrowing money on board ship, by the way, from a sergeant. Through influence—oh! that influence!—he obtained a commission in the Royal Naval Division, and it was here, in the "Nelson" battalion, that he met the lad whose pathetic letters were published last February, and whose death, so awful in its loneliness and tragedy, wrung the heart-strings of all who were forced to be parties to it. Who can forget those words of the padre who was with him in his last moments, to the broken-hearted mother—a mother who is still praying that her dear son's name may be cleared of the infamy of "cowardice in the face of the enemy"?

We have indicated sufficient of the career of "my one and only enemy" to show that he was a man whose word was not to be taken—that if his discreditable Army record had been before the Court, and before the Judge Advocate-General, the recommendation to mercy with which the officers at the Court-Martial accompanied their verdict and sentence would have been given some weight. And the tragedy of it is that, while they kept the poor lad for weeks awaiting his trial on the capital charge, there were only a few hours at the disposal of the Counsel, pitchforked into the case at the last moment, in which to prepare anything like a defence of that lad on trial for his life. Such rules for Courts-Martial must be laid down as will render it impossible for any young officer ever again to be done to death on the evidence of a witness of bad character, which while known to the Army authorities is withheld from the defending Counsel. And to that end ample time must be given for an accused to prepare his defence, and he must, when sentenced, possess the same right of appeal as any other citizen!

INJURED AND DISCHARGED.

GROSS NEGLECT OF SUFFERING NAVAL VOLUNTEER.

This story relates to a young engineer who, early in the war, threw up an appointment in the Far East, travelled home at his own expense, and volunteered for naval service. Rated as an Engineer Sub-Lieutenant without a commission, he did excellent work in connection with the Dover Patrol, being afterwards attached to a Paddle Minesweeper, where he met with a nasty accident to his left knee. Later, chronic synovitis developed. At the Naval Hospital at Chatham, after an operation that was only partially successful, he was informed that he was not strictly a member of the Naval forces, but a unit of the Mercantile Fleet Auxiliary, and that if he desired to enter a nursing home or a similar establishment, it must be at his own expense. He was granted three weeks' sick leave to enable him to enter a nursing home at Tunbridge Wells, where the fees would have swallowed up the whole of his pay. But no sooner had the crippled man reached this haven of healing than he was ordered by telegram to proceed to Portsmouth, his leg by this time being so swollen and painful that walking was sheer torture. Seeing his condition, a Fleet Surgeon at Portsmouth held out some promise of treatment at the Haslar Hospital, but after a few days he was started on his travels again with a warrant to London to visit the Ministry of Shipping, where it seems there was no disposition whatever to recognise his claim to proper treatment. The warmest comfort the officials there could offer him was that he had "better take his discharge." Finally, through the intervention of well-disposed persons, the man has been admitted to the Millbank Hospital—where he has leisure to reflect upon official ingratitude.

AN AVERTED OUTRAGE.

COUNTY COURT REGISTRAR'S HUMANE ACTION.

Soldiers should stand at the salute, while the rest of us raise our hats to Mr. O. J. Williams, Registrar of the Cheltenham County Court. At the Court, in the hearing of Judge Ellicott, Private Averiss put the matter like this: "A man fighting for his country comes home, walks into his house at six o'clock in the morning and at one o'clock is threatened that his wife is to be chucked out by the bum-bailiff." It is easy to see what had happened. The landlord of the cottage, wanting the premises, so he stated, for his own occupation, had applied to the Court for an Ejectment Order which, in spite of the dearth of housing accommodation in Cheltenham, Judge Ellicott saw fit to grant, a month's grace being allowed. However, at the expiry of the month, the Registrar, upon his own responsibility, declined to issue a warrant for the eviction of the soldier's family. "The man was," said he, "wearing five chevrons and the Mons Medal. He (the Registrar) refused to issue the warrant." As a matter of fact, as Mr. Williams went on to state, the soldier's wife had been terribly ill with double pneumonia, and, following this fearful experience, she had given birth to a child, the doctor in attendance certifying that it would be very dangerous to expel her from her home. In these circumstances, it is to be regretted that Judge Ellicott, in ordering another month's adjournment, did not come out more strongly in defence of the Registrar's humane action. Meanwhile, the question most people will want answered is whether the owner of the cottage, Mr. A. G. Daft, was aware of the circumstances. If so, we can hardly trust ourselves to comment upon his action.

A "MEEK" PRAYER.

TWOPENCE PLAIN—TWO-AND-THREE FRAMED.

One may smile at the nerve, while deploring the impudence, of J. J. Meek, 69, Falkner Street, Gloucester. That worthy announces, by advertisement, that he has "Designed a Little Prayer." Everybody who designs a little prayer does not make a public fuss about it, but Meek does. It is the Meek way to rush into print concerning his prayer, at so much per inch. But Meek wants his money back; he is giving nothing away. His is a "Peace" Prayer, and it is "printed on a nice Card, which should be hung up in every Home." If you want to hang it, you may do so for 2d., paid to Meek. He says that sum is "about the actual cost." It really *is* the "actual cost"—to any buyer, but we guess Meek (J. J.) pays less. "Persons," he stipulates, "requiring them by post should take one dozen and pay cost of postage, etc., 3d. extra." So it will cost you 2s. 3d. for the Little Prayer, the postage, and the etc. After digesting that fact, it is refreshing to read:—"It is desired no one should send for them for the purpose of making a profit." If one did so mean a thing it might be trespassing upon the Meek prerogative. Later on, J. J. says, he is going to make some Oak Frames for his Little Prayer, and he wants "generations to behold" his frames—at so much per frame, we presume, for J. J. does not propose giving them away. After a reference to the Creator, which we prefer to leave unquoted, Meek winds up with:—"Will a Christian Young Lady, age 18, Undertake to Sell Them in the Eastgate Market?" It must be quite a young girl, you see; no elderly Christian Lady need apply. Altogether, this remarkable advertisement by J. J. Meek seems to emanate from a sanctimonious humbug.

THE BEAUTIFUL BOCHE.

FULSOME SLOBBERING OVER A BRUTAL FOE.

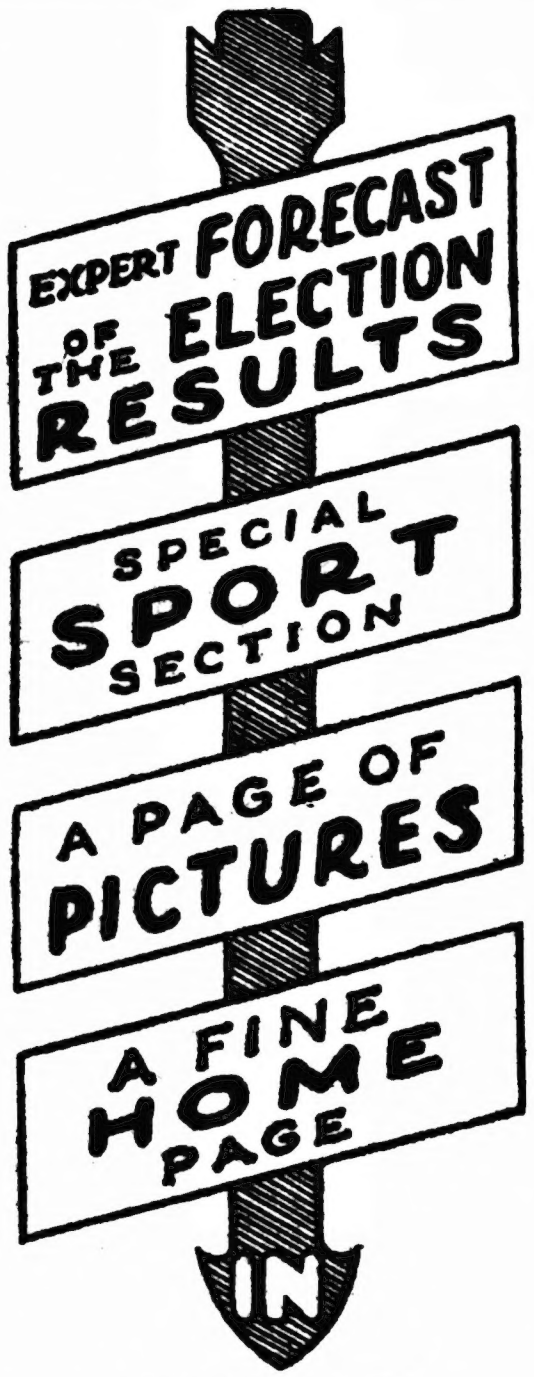
Alive or dead, we are awfully polite to the Huns. As long as they are in the land of the living we treat them as honoured and cherished guests. Many of the prisoners have been working at full trade union rates, earning as much as £5 or £6 a week. But if the captive Boche wants really to know how gentle and forgiving we can be when we like, he must wait till he is dead. Then, as the Irishman might say, he'll get the time of his life. If he knew about it, he would long for an early resurrection just to have it all over again. At Leeds, the other day, they buried a German Adjutant with as much pomp and ceremony as might have befitted the obsequies of a British Field-Marshal. It is not that we would for a moment belittle the ideal of chivalry in warfare, but, since the Huns have trampled every humane and honourable principle underfoot, to treat them at the last as chivalrous foes is an insult to our own brave troops, and a mockery of our gallant dead.

FLEECING THE CANADIANS.

MUDDLING REPATRIATION OF SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

Who are the most important persons in the Empire? Well, that question may be difficult to answer. Try another! Who are the *least* important? In one big burst all the official persons shout "The common soldier!" But no, they don't shout it; they don't even whisper it. They just act as if it were so. We don't need to tell you what the Canadian troops have done in this war, and you would think they merited some small amount of gratitude from their Government and ours. Do they get it? Not much! At least not any that's worth a tinker's anathema. For in the plans to repatriate the wives and children of Canadian soldiers from England, less consideration is shown to them than to the merest alien. It is unbelievable, but it is true. A notice has been posted informing married soldiers that their wives and children must return home at once or wait till the normal passenger service is resumed. The fares will be as follows: 1st class, adults £13, children from one to twelve years £6 10s., babies under one year £1 10s.; 3rd class, adults £7 10s.; children from one to twelve years £3 15s., babies under one year 10s. So much for the soldiers' families! At the same time the Ministry of Labour announces that workmen of British nationality who came to this country from overseas for Government work *will be entitled, together with their wives and children under eighteen, to free conveyance to the country from which they came. Alien workmen are also entitled to free repatriation.*

So outrageous is this difference in treatment that we shall try to believe either that (1) an official has gone mad, or (2) that an office boy has been allowed to draft the notice, and that what is really meant is that if the wives and children of Canadian troops go now they go free, but if they wait they will be charged full fares. But our wishes get a blow on the head when we learn that overseas forces are specially excepted from the assistance to be given to the wives and families of sailors, soldiers and R.A.F. men whose homes are abroad. These women and children will get free rail to the port of embarkation, free messing on board (except for officers' wives and families) and free rail and boat from the port of landing. The Canadian soldier's family, then, is to get nothing. The civilian worker's family and the alien worker are to get all. It is monstrous. The debt we owe to these men is all forgotten. The sufferings of these women and children are all forgotten. The work so many of these women have done in the war is all forgotten. Is it at the behest of a soulless shipping ring that the Government is prepared to commit this crime? The women and children must pass toll free.



ANTICIPATED EPITAPH.

Beneathe
Thys heape of
Difsatisfaction
Lyeth
Ye loathed remaynes
Of
Dora,
Ye detested daughter of
Bellona,
By Bloodie Wilhelm of Berlin.
As
Myght have been expected of her parentage,
Shee was a
Misx
Fostered
In her infancie
Bye ye publick on whom shee was
Planted,
Eache manifestation of her
Tyrannous and overbearynge disposition
Was,
For a whyle,
Regarded wyth tolerance.
Whenne
Shee turned downe ye lyghts
Of ye cities,
Wherebye
Thousands of innocent pedestrians were slayne,
Ye publick shrugged its shoulders
And smyled,
Sufferynge her caprice in silence
For feare of her gristie parents,
Whoo,
Atte ye tyme,
Helde powerfull sway throughouten all
Ye World.
Whenne
Shee forbade
Ye generous husbande
Toe say untoe hys wyf,
"Have a droppe of ginne, olde deare,"
And toe paye for ye same,
Ye supine publick acquiesced in ye absurditie.
Whenne
Shee declared
"Thou mayst buy a bottle of Scotch
(If thou canst)
Butte notte a half-quartern toe take awaie,"
Ye spineless publick submitted
Wyth scarce a murmur.
Whenne
Shee proclaimed:
"Though thou bee smitten wyth sudden sicknefs
In ye streete,
Thou shalt notte obtayne a droppe
Of brandie
Toe save thy lyfe,
Unlefs thou first obtayne of a leech his
Certificate,"
Ye publick knuckled under,
Though manie dyed needlefslie in consequence
Thereof.
Whenne
Shee sayed untoe ye hard-workynge manne:
"Thou shalt notte partake of generous ale
Toe helpe thee in thy labours,
Butte shalt drinke filthie swypes
Atte double ye pryce,"
Ye publick bowed its servyle head in submifsion,
And allowed its stomache
Toe bee therebye distended and deranged.
All these thyngs shee didde
Through ye agencie of one of her chief councillors,
Toe witte,
Lord D'Abernon.
Nor didde ye aforesayed tyrannies
Glutte her despotick rage.
Butte
Atte ye demise of her abhorréd parents
Ye publick rose up agaynst her
And slew her in their wrath.

Dance, stranger, dance upon thys spotte,
Unless toe dance ye have forgotte,
For here belowe doth DORA rotte,
Gnawed bye red tape-worms she beyotte.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S ELECT

His Message to the Electors of th

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—On Saturday next you will be called upon to elect a new Parliament. It will be the most momentous election in history. It may decide, for many generations to come, the destiny not only of the British Empire, but of the Anglo-Saxon race.

I wish it could have been postponed till the date in January when the late Parliament would have come automatically to an end. There would then have been time to trace hundreds of thousands of soldiers whose present whereabouts, although their names are on the Absent Voters' Lists, are at present unknown. As it is, not more than about two-thirds of them will ever receive their Ballot Papers. But it cannot be helped. The Prime Minister, in his wisdom and his right, has advised the King to dissolve Parliament, and His Majesty, as a constitutional and democratic monarch, has acted on his Minister's advice.

We have, therefore, to consider the issues upon which, and the men for whom, we are to vote. Be careful, I implore you. That simple cross opposite the candidate's name will make history.

We have just emerged from a world-war, in which a million of our own countrymen have sacrificed their lives, and two millions more have been maimed—many of them rendered helpless for the rest of their existence. We have spent, in one way and another, ten thousand millions of money—which, applied to the purposes of Peace, would have built a new Britain, with happy homes and plenty for all. And we have dislocated the whole Industrial, Commercial and Financial machinery of the nation. What, then, are we going to do about it?

Germany Must Pay.

That is the first point to insist upon. The precious lives she has taken from us can never be restored, but we will have returned to us the *cost* of the war—to the last farthing. Do not listen to those who say that the payment of a huge Indemnity would cripple trade and commerce in the future. That is the artful argument of the International Financiers, who play with Political Chancellors of the Exchequer and fool them to the top of their bent. And do not listen to those who tell you that Germany *cannot* pay. Look at these figures:—Germany has been accumulating wealth for many years past at the rate of £500,000,000 a year. She has immense coal, potash and other mineral resources. She will no longer have a huge expenditure for naval and military purposes. She has an enormous and thrifty population—much greater, indeed, than we were led to imagine before the war. She possesses railways, docks and harbours. She has immense stores of gold. And at present she still has a valuable navy and mercantile marine. According to her official "white paper," she possesses 423,356,000,000 tons of coal, which even at 10s. a ton is worth £211,678,000,000, and 50,000,000,000 tons of potash, which at the same low rate is valued at £25,000,000,000—these two items alone totalling the colossal sum of £236,678,000,000. And yet people say Germany cannot pay! Make it a test question, therefore, to your Candidates—*Will you insist upon a full Indemnity, as one of the Terms of Peace?* And if more than one of them says "Yes"—THEN ASK YOURSELVES WHICH OF THEM IS BEST QUALIFIED TO GET IT DONE. Remember we shall want a lot of money for Jack and Tommy—and God knows they have earned it.

The Kaiser's Fate.

The next thing is to bring to justice those who were responsible for plunging the world into war, with all its horrors and bloodshed. Foremost amongst them is the ex-Kaiser. We must bring him to trial. Let him have a fair hearing before an International Court of Justice—and if he be found guilty, his head must be claimed as forfeit to Humanity, and as a stern warning to future rulers that Nemesis will assuredly overtake all who gamble with human life and attempt to arrest the Divine plan of human evolution. And, of course, the same demand applies, in more or less degree, to the whole of his confederates, the officers and commanders who authorised or connived at the atrocities, barbarities, and outrages committed by the German troops; the civilian officials who are responsible for the ill-treatment of British, French, Belgian and Russian prisoners and others at the hands of the German population; the piratical U-boat commanders—and all the rest of the brutal gang. That, then, is the second question. But again be careful to select the best man for the job of getting the thing done.

Alien Enemies.

There must be no tampering or tinkering with this question. Every alien enemy who has failed to justify his being at large during the war must be sent back to his own country on the signing of peace. And every one of such persons claiming British naturalisation must have his Certificate automatically cancelled. We want no more commissions and committees to "enquire" into the matter. Out they must go—lock, stock and barrel. And legislation must at once be passed forbidding the landing on our shores of *any* German without a special Permit.

Heligoland.

This great rock island, which was the salvation of the German Navy during the war—and which in 1890 the British Government ceded to Germany in exchange for a protectorate over Zanzibar!—must be returned to Britain. Mr. Churchill tells us that in the opinion of "naval experts" there is no necessity for this to be done. But it was the naval experts who told us nearly thirty years ago that the island would never possess any strategic value—whilst Germany asked for it merely for the purpose of encouraging its local fishery industries! And now, after the expenditure of many millions, it is one of the strongest fortresses on the whole of the Seven Seas. To leave it in the hands of the enemy would be an act of madness.

The German Colonies.

Not one of these must in any circumstances be returned. Apart from the fact that the pre-war German Empire must be broken up into the small states of which it originally consisted, history shows that the Teutonic race has no genius whatever for colonisation. In addition to this consideration, however, these colonies are specially adapted for, and were deliberately designed for the purpose of, naval bases, the possession of which might at any time become a menace to the sea commerce of the world; whilst in the event of another war they would automatically be utilised as centres of piratical submarine activity. Finally, in the interests of the native populations, it is essential that every vestige of German rule should be removed

Our Naval Power.

And there must be no more nonsensical talk about "the freedom of the seas." Britain is essentially a naval Power. Her very existence depends upon her sea supremacy. Without it, her Empire and her Dominions go. She has become a military factor only by the exigencies of the world-war. In future, the military guardianship of the peace is a matter which concerns Continental nations much more than it does us. Leave us our sea power, and we are content. We have never abused it, but it is the life-blood of our national and imperial being. What we have, we hold! This must be made quite clear to President Wilson—who, I feel sure, when he gets really upon the scene, will understand and appreciate

MY POLITICAL BLACK-LIS

CANDIDATES FOR WHOM, IN MY OPINION, ELECTORS

Acland, F. D., Camborne.
Addison, Dr. C., Shoreditch.
Alden, Percy, Tottenham N.
Ammon, C. G., Camberwell N.
Anderson, W. C., Sheffield, Attercliffe.
Arnold, S., Pennistone, Yorks.
Bailey, J., Hendon.
Bell, Mackenzie, Westminster St. George's
Bignold, H., Lambeth, Norwood.
Blizard, G. P., Wandsworth Central.
Booth, Handel F., Yorks, Wentworth.
Bowden, Col. Harland, Derby North East.
Brailsford, H. N., Montrose.
Briant, F., Lambeth, Norwood.
Butler, J. J., Hastings.
Buxton, Charles Roden, Accrington.
Buxton, Noel, Norfolk North.
Chalmers, Rev. H., Twickenham.
Comyns Carr, A. J., St. Pancras South West.
Dunnico, Rev. H., Ilford.
Dunsmore, C. W., Acton.
Ferguson, Hugh, Motherwell.
Goldstone, Capt. F., Sunderland.
Guest, Col. Henry, Wandsworth Central.
Hayward, A., Brentford.
Henderson, Arthur, East Ham South.
Hobhouse, Sir C., Bristol East.
Howe-Martin, Mrs., Hendon.
Hudson, R. M., Sunderland.
Jones, Leif, Rushcliffe, Notts.
Jowett, F. W., Bradford East.
Kiley, J. D., Whitechapel.
Knight, Holford, Bromley.
Lansbury, G., Poplar, Bow and Bromley.
Lees-Smith, H. B., Don Valley, Yorks.
Lupton, Arnold, West Ham, Plaistow.
Macdonald, Rams
McKenna, R., Po
Maclean, J., Glas
Macpherson, J. I.
Malton, J. J., Ea
Mason, D. M., C
Masterman, C. F.
Millar, Duncan,
Mond, Sir A. Mo
Money, Sir L. C
Montagu, E. S.,
Nelson, G., West
Odell, H. J., Han
Outhwaite, R. L.,
Peacock, Sir Pete
Ponsonby, Arthur
Richardson, T., B
Robertson, J. M.,
Robertson, T. A.,
Robinson, W. A.,
Runciman, Right
Salter, A., Berme
Samuel, Herbert,
Scrymgeour, E.,
Simon, Sir J., W
Snowden, P., Ble
Strachey, Mrs. O.
Strauss, Arthur,
Trevelyan, C. P.,
Westcott, J. T.,
Whitehouse, J. H
Whittaker, Sir T
Wilson, Lt.-Col. S
Wing, T., Hought
Winstone, J., Me
Wood, T. McKinn

)MLEY'S ELECTION MANIFESTO.

age to the Electors of the United Kingdom.

ing with this question. his being at large during y on the signing of peace. itish naturalisation must d. We want no more into the matter. Out nd legislation must at ir shores of *any* German

our position. Therefore, that one of the Fourteen Points must be struck out. It does not admit of any discussion.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land
And guardian angels sang the strain:
Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The Peace Treaty.

The above are the principal points which the electorate of the United Kingdom must insist upon making terms of the Peace Treaty. Questions of frontiers and boundaries, retrocession of territory, the future government of Russia, the cancellation of treaties wrung from powerless peoples at the point of the German sword, and all kindred topics, may be left for open discussion amongst the Allied and Associated Politicians. But whatever Treaty be ultimately agreed upon, it must be submitted to the British Parliament for ratification. And the House of Commons must not be told, as it was in the case of the South African Union Bill, that no discussion and no alteration of a single word can be allowed. When the draft Treaty is settled by the delegates, there should be an adjournment to enable it to be submitted to each of the Allied Parliaments and that of the United Kingdom.

After-War Reconstruction.

Only when all these things have been done shall we be able to grapple seriously with the problems of after-war reconstruction, and I do not propose now to do more than indicate one or two of the principles upon which, in my opinion, that work should proceed. The first thing will be to reconstitute the whole of the machinery of government. Let me explain:—

TRADE AND COMMERCE.—This phrase covers a multitude of questions—affecting both Capital and Labour, foreign trade, international commerce, shipping, tariffs, transport, railway traffic, canals, and many others. The short cut to their solution, however, is the establishment of a *real* Board of Trade. As I showed years ago in the House of Commons, the present "Board" is a myth. It consists nominally of its political President, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the *Speaker of the Irish Parliament*—with various Secretaries of State as ex-officio members. I am aware that in recent years it has been the practice to set up a variety of Advisory Committees, but we are all weary of government by committee. We must have as President some man of outstanding commercial experience and ability, and the rest of the Board must consist of two equal sections, the one representing Capital and the other Labour. They would meet every month, and more often when necessary (especially during the period of reconstruction), for the purpose of reviewing the condition of British trade and commerce, of dealing with any disputes arising between employers and employed—with statutory powers to enforce their decision—and of applying, without reference to any fiscal shibboleth, whatever temporary tonic may be necessary for the furtherance of Britain's commercial interests.

Further Subjects of Reform.

AGRICULTURE.—In the same way we must have a genuine Board of Agriculture, with an expert at its head—a political expert, if you like—and every department of the farming interest represented in its constitution. A subordinate department of the Board should be a permanent Ministry of Food, whose functions should be, first, to see that we always had at least a year's supply of staple food in the country, and, secondly, to secure its equitable distribution, free from "corners," "trusts," and other forms of profiteering.

BOARD OF PUBLIC HEALTH.—This would have to be presided over by someone with special medical knowledge, and every branch of hygiene would be represented on the Board. It would have duly qualified inspectors, working in conjunction with all the local authorities, so that any epidemic or outbreak of disease could immediately be dealt with and all necessary assistance afforded.

HOUSING BOARD.—This, too, must be set up. Its first function will be the demolition of all slum dwellings and the erection in their place of healthy, sanitary homes for the working classes. Rents will have to be controlled, and there must be power of compulsory acquisition of all property capable of being adapted to the purposes of the Board.

EDUCATION.—This is one of the most vital problems to be dealt with. At present, our children—many of them ill-clad and underfed—sit with staring eyes and gaping mouths several hours a day whilst a most useless and incomprehensible mass of dates and details under the heading of history, of meaningless and unintelligible information called geography, and all sorts of other nonsense, is forced into their bewildered minds. There is no scientific distinction between the kind of education required for different districts. It is all one humdrum, monotonous curriculum, designed to turn out mere human automatons. What is wanted is, first, the three rudiments of education—reading, writing, and arithmetic—and after that such special teaching as shall best fit the rising generation for the vocations in life which they are most likely to be called upon to fulfil—with technical and continuation schools to instruct them during their period of transition in the principles, theories and practice of trade and commerce, and, above all things, in the country districts, of agriculture.

My Message in 1911.

All these questions of social reform are not a sudden-born interest on my part. I did not wait for the war in order to realise them. In my leave-taking speech to South Hackney in June, 1911, after warning my audience of the fraud of the Party politicians and the dangers which were brewing, I said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, when that day comes you shall hear another voice. To-day it is the voice as of one crying in the wilderness. But that day, believe me, it shall ring out loud and clear—bidding you to stop this foolery, warning you to take your eyes off the horizon and pay heed to the storm clouds gathering over your heads; telling you of a new era of government which shall find work for willing hands to do—food and clothing and decent homes for honest folk—work for the strong, succour for the weak, help for the sick; children growing in the morning sun, old and weary resting in the golden glow of its setting rays. I tell you that these things are well within your grasp, if you only shake off the sloth of Party stupor, abandon the cant of commonplace, and substitute robust self-reliance for hopeless faith in a mythical and irresponsible State; and if you will make your Parliament, not a museum of puppets and marionettes, but a great national Committee, attending to the affairs of the nation as they would to their own—leaving the morals and religious and social habits of the people to the people themselves; giving them just and equal laws, with free scope for their enterprise and their energy, without molestation or inquisitorial interference with either their work or their play. Ladies and gentlemen, that is the message that, though unworthy for such a mission, I shall bring you. You will listen—and you will answer." And now I deliver it; and next Saturday you will give that answer—sending me to Westminster to *help* the Prime Minister in his great task.

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

MY POLITICAL BLACK-LIST.

CANDIDATES FOR WHOM, IN MY OPINION, ELECTORS SHOULD *NOT* VOTE.

and, F. D., Camborne.
ilson, Dr. C., Shoreditch.
len, Percy, Tottenham N.
mon, C. G., Camberwell N.
derson, W. C., Sheffield, Attercliffe.
old, S., Pennistone, Yorks.
oy, J., Hendon.
l, Mackenzie, Westminster St. George's
nold, H., Lambeth, Norwood.
nard, G. P., Wandsworth Central.
th, Handel F., Yorks, Wentworth.
eden, Col. Harland, Derby North East.
ilsford, H. N., Montrose.
ant, F., Lambeth, Norwood.
der, J. J., Hastings.
rton, Charles Roden, Accrington.
rton, Noel, Norfolk North.
almers, Rev. H., Twickenham.
nyns Carr, A. J., St. Pancras South West.
nnico, Rev. H., Ilford.
asmore, C. W., Acton.
rguson, Hugh, Motherwell.
ldstone, Capt. F., Sunderland.
est, Col. Henry, Wandsworth Central.
ward, A., Brentford.
nderson, Arthur, East Ham South.
bhouse, Sir C., Bristol East.
we-Martin, Mrs., Hendon.
dson, R. M., Sunderland.
es, Leif, Rushcliffe, Notts.
rett, F. W., Bradford East.
ey, J. D., Whitechapel.
ght, Holford, Bromley.
sbury, G., Poplar, Bow and Bromley.
ie-Smith, H. B., Don Valley, Yorks.
pton, Arnold, West Ham, Plaistow.
Macdonald, Ramsay, Leicester West.
McKenna, R., Pontypool.
Maclean, J., Glasgow, Gorbals.
Macpherson, J. I., Ross.
Malton, J. J., Essex, Saffron Walden.
Mason, D. M., Coventry.
Masterman, C. F. G., W. Ham, Stratford.
Millar, Duncan, Motherwell.
Mond, Sir A. Moritz, Swansea West.
Money, Sir L. Chiozza, Tottenham S.
Montagu, E. S., Cambridge.
Nelson, G., West Derby (Liverpool).
Odell, H. J., Handsworth, Birmingham.
Outhwaite, R. L., Hanley.
Peacock, Sir Peter, Warrington.
Ponsonby, Arthur, Dunfermline.
Richardson, T., Bosworth.
Robertson, J. M., Wallsend.
Robertson, T. A., Hammersmith.
Robinson, W. A., West Toxteth (Liverpool).
Runciman, Right Hon. Walter, Dewsbury.
Salter, A., Bermondsey West.
Samuel, Herbert, Cleveland.
Scrymgeour, E., Dundee.
Simon, Sir J., Walthamstow East.
Snowden, P., Blackburn.
Strachey, Mrs. O., Brentford.
Strauss, Arthur, Paddington North.
Trevelyan, C. P., Elland, Yorks.
Westcott, J. T., Hammersmith.
Whitehouse, J. H., Hamilton, Lanark.
Whittaker, Sir Thomas, Spen Valley.
Wilson, Lt.-Col. Sir M., Bethnal Green S.W.
Wing, T., Houghton-le-Spring.
Winstone, J., Merthyr Tydfil.
Wood, T. McKinnon, Glasgow, St. Rollox.

ght at any time become a . whilst in the event of utilised as centres of ie interests of the native e of German rule should

talk about "the freedom aval Power. Her very Without it, her Empire a military factor only re, the military guardian- erns Continental nations r sea power, and we are is the life-blood of our have, we hold! This ilson—who, I feel sure, derstand and appreciate

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

South Hackney Boys! Don't forget Bottomley on Saturday.

Prees Heath Once More:—The camp is a swamp; there is no drainage. The men are suffering most damnably. Need we say more to get this terrible scandal rectified? There are other camps that are also swamps and quagmires, where the poor uniformed frogs, choked with colds, croak to each other their sad complaints. Such spots make for a C3 nation.

For Attention:—The R.H. and R.F.A. have a Signalling Training Centre at Crowborough. This is a most deplorable camp, and the men interned beg us to have matters improved. If things are not remedied, we shall make representations to the highest authority.

To Our Tommies:—On enlistment our boys made various contracts with His Majesty's Government. Orders and Acts have since whittled them down. We can only once more ask the lads to grin and bear it. The big bugs who run the Empire do not know where they stand. Leave it to JOHN BULL.

The Brutes!:—We have received, and still continue to receive, letters from people at home who are told that their next-of-kin are mortally wounded, but they must not be visited owing to official prohibition. We were all led to believe that the closest relatives of our gallant men who were hurt unto death would get a free passage over to France. We deeply regret the *volte face*. An official regulation has apparently been torn to pieces. Even when a man has been sent home, his relatives must not visit him. We thought this war was to destroy the militarist spirit.

Is It Realised?:—We have received many letters from soldiers complaining of their treatment in regard to food, leave, and many other things, and warning us that grave trouble is ahead. We fear that the War Council are beyond taking a hint, but is there no authority in the realm who will institute an Inquiry and do justice to the boys? It was bad enough when war was on; it is intolerable now that peace has come.

An Unjust Differentiation:—Tommy's wife without a child has been granted 12s. 6d. a week, and she has had to get on as best she can with that allowance, plus what JOHN BULL's charitable fund could grant her. Now the munition girls—who earned but a few shillings weekly before the war, and have since been drawing large wages—have been discharged and granted £1 a week during their unemployment. Tommy is coming home; he is full of resentment of this unjust state of affairs. We have seen mobs of little girls, drawing their £1 a week, marching up and down singing songs and looking very happy; but poor Tommy's wife never looked happy.

A "Regrettable Incident":—At last it has happened! The men of the New Zealand Rifle Brigade at Brocton have been on their hind legs for quite a time. The bomb appears to have burst the other night, when they "demonstrated." Pandemonium was let loose, and much work was provided for the Royal Engineers and the civilian contractors—the goods in the canteen not being forgotten. The "brass hats" who go down to investigate the case will hear quite a sensational story.

"JACK."

South Hackney Boys! Don't forget Bottomley on Saturday.

The Safety Valve:—The Petty Officers and men of the Royal Navy have issued a printed statement complaining of injustices to the lower deck, and suggesting how they can be remedied. We have read the document very carefully, and agree with every word of it. The authorities at Whitehall have been provided with copies—and now have a chance, if they will take it, of grasping and remedying the many grievances under which our bluejackets suffer.

The Armourers:—We ask, once more, When will the Admiralty give further consideration to the case of the Naval Armourers? This most important body should obtain better recognition than they have received. They have a right to be placed on the same level as their mates in other departments as regards pay and rank.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldier's organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

South Hackney Boys! Don't forget Bottomley on Saturday.

Penalising Patriotism:—Having served overseas since 1915, a Silver Badger applied to be reinstated at Bute Docks by the Cardiff Railway Company. However, he received the following turn-down:—"Sir, In reply to yours of the 13th inst., by enlisting without the Company's permission you automatically ceased to be an employee of the Company, and I regret, therefore, I cannot undertake to reinstate you if and when you are discharged from the Army." Has the Premier any influence with his compatriots?

A Similar Case:—Another returned Badger applied to re-enter the service of Messrs. Jeremiah Rotherham and Co., Ltd., of Shoreditch. His snub was in the following terms:—"At the present time we are not able to offer a re-engagement, and we therefore suggest your seeking employment elsewhere. We are glad to hear that you have been permitted to come through all right, and that your health is good. You will readily appreciate the difficulty of disturbing the small staff of the Boot Department at this juncture." How many of the "small staff" paraded as soldiers?

The Post Office Again:—We are asked by Badgers why the position of night telephone operator and caretaker in the Post Office at Cobham is held by a solicitor's clerk and rent collector, who has never served? There are some silver-badged men who could do with it.

Demobilisation Bounties:—The scheme of demobilisation bounties, as announced by Mr. Bonar Law recently, has caused consternation among Silver Badgers everywhere, as for the first year's service there is only the same paltry grant of £5, both for Overseas and Home Service men; the latter get not a penny piece if they served less than six months.

A Gross Injustice:—Re-enlisted pensioners (the backbone of Kitchener's Armies), receive only half the ordinary rates after the first year's service, and, worst of all, those niggardly payments are intended to swallow up the gratuities of £1 for each year of service payable formerly under the Royal Warrant. So many men bid fair to get nothing extra at all. We are, therefore, glad to learn that the Comrades of the Great War have taken the matter up.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Starvation and Eviction:—An ex-soldier, discharged on account of heart disease, was sent home to keep a wife and three children on a pension of 8s. 8d. a week. He has tried to work, but his health will not permit. The whole family have been down with the 'flu, and recovered to find themselves faced with starvation, and threatened with eviction—which calamities we were in time to avert.

Death—and Debts:—A soldier's wife being very seriously ill, her husband was summoned from France. On arriving home he found his wife and one child dead, whilst the remaining four youngsters were so ill that they had to be taken away to hospital. Many debts were on hand, and he was not in credit with his regiment, as so often happens in the case of the married man with a family.

A Last Resource:—The wife of an ex-soldier wrote us concerning her husband, who is consumptive, and can no longer be treated at home. He has not the necessary clothing to enter a sanatorium, and it could not be purchased from his pension, which barely provides absolute necessities

Extreme Need:—The wife of a discharged soldier is unable to work owing to sickness, she and two of her four young children being down with the 'flu. Her husband is ordered into hospital, and the poor woman has only the National Insurance money to carry on with. Naturally in these circumstances she could neither pay rent nor doctor's bills.

Bad Luck and a Small Pension:—Misfortune seems to have dogged the steps of an ex-soldier. While in the Army he met with an accident, the result of which has diminished his earning powers. He has recently been in the infirmary, suffering from pneumonia, and during his illness got greatly in debt with his landlady, and had to neglect his aged parents, who are urgently in need of his help. His small pension will not keep him while he is not working.

Other Cases Helped:—

Child of an ex-soldier died after a long illness; no money for burial.

Discharged soldier, with only one hand, under doctor. Wife cannot work owing to bad health.

Husband and daughter died the same week; wife and four children left without means of support.

Soldier's widow; child dead of influenza; no means of burial; refused help elsewhere.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Pte. W. P., 5d.; "Look Ahead," 5s. 10d.; G. F. (Southsea), 3d.; J. H. (Tredegar), 9s. 3d.; H. C. M. (Rusapi), £2; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £2; "A Sparkhill Family," 5s.; "Ripon Falls," £1; "Rosalie," 2s. 6d.; E. A. (Torquay), £1; "Avenue" (St. Albans), 2s. 6d.; E. K. A., £5 5s.; "Moon Raker," 5s.; "Ernest" (Deal), 2s.; "Guards' Mess" (per B. J. K.), 5s.; Major H. J. J. K., £1; Mrs. F. T. (Whitchurch), 2s. 6d.; Captain J. H. E., £5 5s.; M. C. P. S., 5s.; "Slow Combustion," 5s.; E. M. McN., 1s.; "Mary" (Ripon), 2s. 6d.; J. H., 10s.; "Broughtons," 1s. 6d.; "Boys of the Naval Wireless Station, Singapore" (per A. A.), 15s.; "Imagination," 1s.; J. C. K. (Folkestone), 2s. 6d.; D. I. (Oxford), 5d.; "Barber," 3s. 5d.; Pte. A. F., 1s.; A. B., 6d.; A. M. (Baldock), 5s.; "Taxi Driver 8372," 1s.; A. L. (Bradford), 5s.; Mrs. L. D. (Bradford), 2s. 6d.; R. G. (Doncaster), 10s.; S. S. K., 4s. 7d.; "Persis and Ray," £3; "Dickie" (Dundee), 3s.; K. J. (Hove), £1; "A Constant Reader," 4s. 3d.; E. S., 5s. 5d.; R. H. (Cheshire), £5; D., 10s.; T. L. (Glos.), £1 1s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "Williamian," 5s.; "Mrs. E. S. and Children," 2s. 6d.; E. E. G., £3; F. & C. P. (Wimbledon Park), 10s.; W. B. A. (Blantyre), 10s.; V. E. C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), £1; M. S., 2s.; J. & L. H. (Bow), 10s.; "A Regular Reader" (Wellingborough), 5s.; "In Mems., S. M. S.," 2s.; "A Discharged Soldier," £1; R. D., 6d.; A. S. M., 6d.; W. R. (Middlesbrough), 2s. 6d.; "Books," 18s.; "A Scot," 11s.; R. M. J., 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. S. (Chiswick), 5s.; M. G., £3; Pte. D. L., 5d.; J. S., 5d.; M. McK., 1s.; Pte. H. S., 4s. 3d.; Cpl. S. C., 2s. 11d.; G. K. (Lahore), 10s.; Pte. J. M., 5d.; "A Soldier's Wife and Children," 2s. 6d.; G. W. J. (Muswell Hill), 10s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; "Fisherrow," 1s. 6d.; J. A. E. (Barnes), £1; L. C., 1s.; E. H. R. (Aberdeen), 5s.; T. H. (Rotherhithe), 1s.; E. B. (Balham), 2s. 6d.; L. S. O. (Fareham), 1s.; A. B. (Edinburgh), 1s.; Mr. B., 2s.; "Signal," 2s. 6d.; "Zvrosster," £1 1s.; E. M. S. D. (Brentwood), 2s. 6d.; L. J. (Manchester), 2s. 6d.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

Sale of Lavender Bags (per A. R.), 6s.

The Vanishing-Trick for Linen-Stains

Here's the trick for all your Iron-mould worries—to save your linen from the rag-bag and bring back to spotless whiteness clothes that Iron-mould stains have spoilt: A squeeze of Movol; a gentle rub; and in two minutes the stain is gone.

MOVOL

Stain Remover

Removes Iron-mould, Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, etc.

White Clothes having a Yellow Tinge—have their original colour restored by adding a thimbleful to the rinsing-water.

From Chemists, Grocers, Stores, etc., in 1/- and 6d. tubes. If unable to obtain, send 1/2 for large trial tube, to—W. Edge & Sons Ltd., Bolton.

N.B.—The directions given with each tube must be carefully followed.

GOOD DIGESTION A JOY.

Sound Hints for Dyspeptics.

Good digestion is not appreciated until you lose it. Then you cannot afford to risk making experiments by trying uncertain remedies. Strong medicines are hard on weak stomachs.

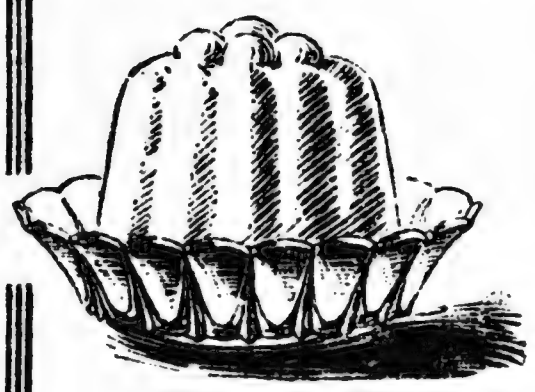
To be able to eat what you want and to digest it is a priceless blessing. If you have lost it do not be deceived by the claims of predigested foods, purgatives, and stomach tonics, so-called.

There is no tonic for the stomach that is not a tonic for every other part of the body. As the blood circulates through all the body, an improvement in its condition quickly results in strengthening any weak organs. Rich, red blood is absolutely necessary to proper digestion. If your stomach is weak, and you are troubled with flatulence, sour risings in the throat, a feeling of pressure about the heart, and palpitation, try the true tonic treatment of Dr. Williams' pink pills.

Start to-day to strengthen your digestion by obtaining a supply of Dr. Williams' pink pills from any dealer. To avoid substitutes always ask for and insist upon Dr. Williams'.

FREE.—Send for the little book, "What to Eat," addressing a postcard for a copy to Offer Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1. [ADVT

THE SWEET YOU NEVER GROW TIRED OF



IF there's one thing more than another that the children—and grown-ups too—never tire of, it is Blanc-Mange—especially if it's

FREEMANS BLANCMANGE

This delicious sweet is a prime favourite everywhere—it's so good to taste—so absolutely wholesome, and above all, so nourishing. Why not give the kiddies Freemans Blanc-Mange in either of the following flavours for supper to-night:—

Vanilla, Almond, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Chocolate.

MADE IN Delectaland where Pure Foods come from

Freeman's FOOD PRODUCTS

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD. Managing Director—G. FREEMAN. Sole-sellers (Boy-scout) Chocolates, Vi-Cocoa and Freemans Food Products. DELECTALAND, WATFORD, ENG.

THE "ALL-TIME" EVER-POPULAR XMAS GIFT HOUSE

GAMAGES

We offer you the Finest Present Day Value.

GAMAGES CYCLES FOR ENDURANCE.

GAMAGE CYCLES FOR JUVENILES.

Exact replicas of Adult Machines. Strong and absolutely safe.

£10:10:0

The recent release of materials for Manufacturing Purposes has enabled us to reduce the prices of our Cycles—LADIES', GENT.'s and CHILDREN'S—to: from £7:7:0 upwards.

Buy Him or Her a Real Bicycle this Christmas.

XMAS CATALOGUES

Owing to all editions being exhausted, we regret being unable to supply further applications.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

You can Play the Piano To-day.

By Naunton's National Music System.

IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only eight, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once. Hymns, Dance Music, Songs, Classics—anything.

Over 50,000 People are playing by it, and are playing perfectly. If they can do it, so can you.

No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it to-day.

Let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple, and rapid system.

Take advantage of the offer we make on the Coupon below, and by return of post you will receive eight tunes, which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the accuracy of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you, and give you many years of purest pleasure.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON. *John Bull.*

To the Manager, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

I send herewith postal order for One Shilling and Sixpence, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," containing eight tunes, published at 2s. 6d., also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

Note.—Please fill in Postal Order payable to Naunton's National Music System, Ltd.

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Player's "COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes.

THE MANUFACTURERS REGRET THAT UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE OUTPUT TO CORRESPOND WITH THE GREATLY INCREASED DEMAND.

Terms and particulars with regard to these Cigarettes at Duty Free Rates when required for gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital may be obtained from

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF G.B. AT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LIMITED.

"O.H.M.S."

ON THE HONOURABL MAYOR'S SERVICE.

At the Bridlington Borough Police Court, Jack is as good as his masters; what we mean is that Mr. Lambert, Clerk to the Justices, has himself become Chief Magistrate by his election as Mayor of Bridlington. Naturally the learned Clerk is highly elated. "He hoped they might have in some measure the good opinion concerning him so many friends had expressed." We hope so too, but we are bound to add that by all accounts the worthy Mayor has made a bad beginning. For light on the subject we have to thank the Bridlington *Free Press*, which seems to deserve its name. "The Mayor," says our vigilant contemporary, "has lapsed into a blunder of so serious a character that it must not be passed over without comment. The invitation given by him to those who attended the service at the Priory Church on Sunday 'to take light refreshments with him at the Bayle Gate' was sent through the post under cover of official envelopes, provided at the expense of the public for the use of the local Food Control Committee, franked 'Official Paid,' and endorsed in large type 'On His Majesty's Service,' with instructions 'If undelivered return to the Local Food Office.' An invitation to take light refreshments with the Mayor is not a matter in connection with his Majesty's Service, and surely the Mayor must be conscious of the great indiscretion he has committed." It is conceivable, of course, that in his natural mood of exaltation Mr. Lambert may have mistaken the reference to "His Majesty" for an allusion to himself, while the provision of "light refreshments" may have called for a nod and wink or two to the Food Control Committee. But when all is said, we are bound to agree that to employ official envelopes in such a connection was the kind of thing that nice Mayors never do.

OUR CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

YULETIDE GIFTS FOR THE LONDON POOR.

In accordance with our custom at this season of the year, we earnestly appeal to our readers to enable us at the forthcoming Christmastime to distribute amongst the poorest residents in the East End of London gifts of clothing, food, toys and such "comforts" as they—especially during the years of war—have had perforce to do without. It is hardly necessary for us to emphasise the claims of these sufferers, which are surely strengthened by the natural associations of this period. We shall be pleased to apply any money entrusted to us in the purchase of meat, bread, groceries, coal, etc., distributing orders upon local tradesmen for the goods, and thus enabling the recipients to partake in their own homes of our readers' bounty. Left-off and unwanted clothing of all sizes and descriptions will be equally acceptable, and will be sorted out into suitable lots by a band of voluntary helpers. Toys, sweetmeats, and any other of the little luxuries which give keen joy to the children will also be welcome—in fact, anything of a seasonable character will be gladly received.

Subscriptions should be forwarded direct to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2; all parcels of goods, etc., should be sent to the JOHN BULL Central Depot, 62, Victoria Park Road, London, N.E.5.

All gifts, in cash or kind, will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged.

Please help us!

EVERYWOMAN'S
The Paper for Every Woman.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.
Price . . . . . One Penny.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY SKETCH":—
"We all desire to get rid of War. The way that can be done is to make such a peace as will ALLOW the fighting by Germany in future."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—
"We have seen the strong step already taken in the way of a non-contributory 'out-of-work donation' to avert from them the HARDSHIPS of immediate employment."

"LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO":—
"For some minutes there was silence, broken by a slow even voice, UTTERING the UNSPOKEN thoughts, almost a prayer: 'My God, how absolutely wicked and shameful to see these great fine ships give themselves up without a fight.'"

"EVENING CHRONICLE" (Manchester):—
"Every museum should have a specimen of a MINESWEEPER, a murderous weapon, utterly regardless of the Geneva Convention."

"DAILY NEWS":—
"Soldiers away on service are STABBED IN THE BACK in their ABSENCE."

"LEICESTER DAILY MERCURY":—
"Dr. Solf's appeals to America: 'We cherish the confident hope that the humanitarian feeling of the American people will FRUSTRATE the possibility of saving thousands of women and children from death and starvation.'"

"BRIGHTON ARGUS":—
"A Wick Shepherd, aged 65 . . . had never LOST A DAY'S ILLNESS in his life."

"THREE GRACES" (Novel):—
"I merely meant that if you *did* betray me, I should SLAY you—DEAD or alive."

Your boy will want to build it too—

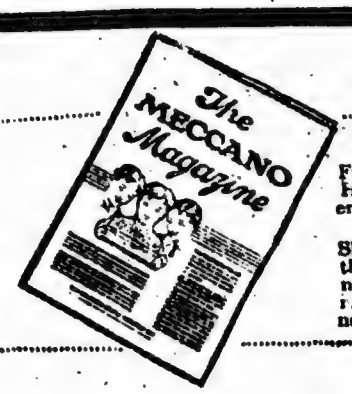
He would be delighted to get a Meccano Outfit. It is the best of all hobbies for boys; this is their own opinion. Any boy can begin at once to build real working models which may be operated by hand or by Meccano spring or electric motors. Each model provides hours of fine, healthy, mind-broadening amusement. Every Meccano boy is a keen enthusiast.

MECCANO

Meccano is simple and Instructive. It consists of perfectly made engineering parts from which an unlimited number of working models may be built. No study is needed. Each outfit is complete with illustrated Manual of Instructions. Give your boy Meccano and watch him build Cranes, Clocks, Bridges, Battleships, Motor-Cars, and scores of other splendid models.

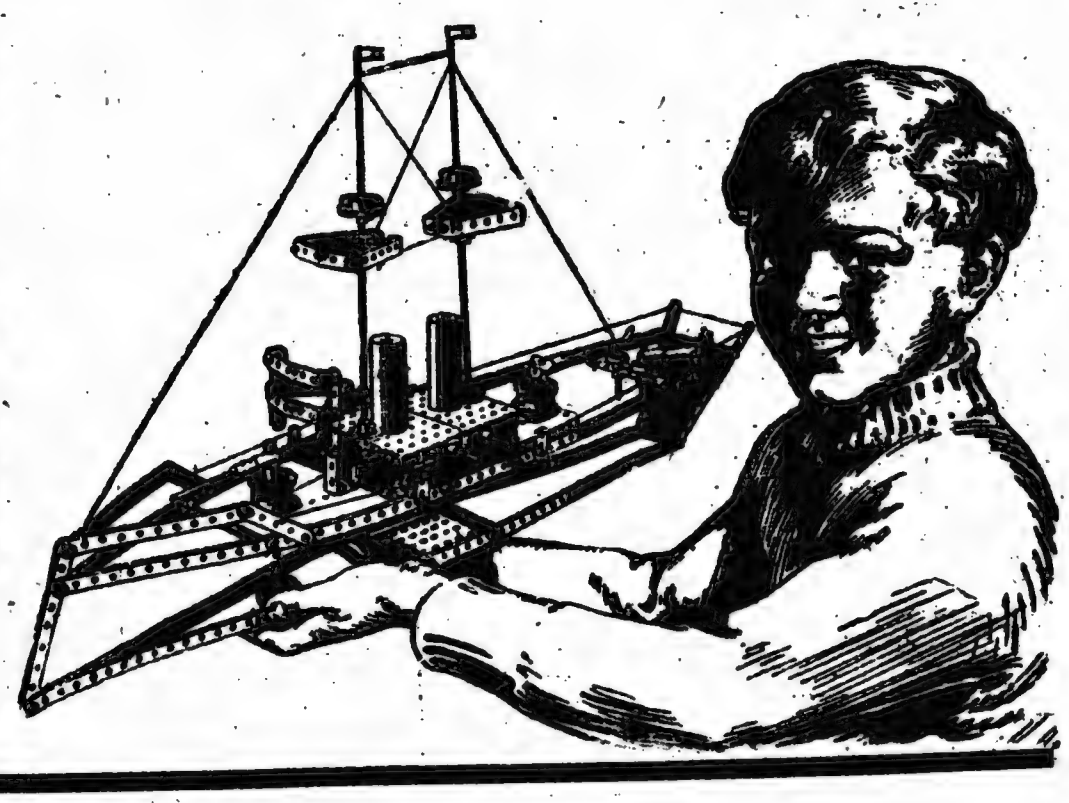
Complete outfits from 5/6 to 145/-

MECCANO, LTD., Binns Rd., Liverpool.



Boys—Get the Meccano Magazine.
Full of interesting reading for Meccano boys: Hints on building, and letters from Meccano enthusiasts all over the world.

HOW TO GET IT.
Show three chums this announcement and send us their names and addresses on a card with your own name and address. Put "No. 22" opposite your name for reference. We will then send you the new number by return, post free.



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP
THINK BEFORE YOU VOTE

Which does the Country want { **A FREE PARLIAMENT** OR **A TIED HOUSE ?**

IF Mr. Lloyd George and the Coalition Whips have their way, the next House of Commons will be **a Tory House.** You can judge what is taking place by the lists of "approved Coalition Candidates."

Take the **English Boroughs.** Up to December 1st, so far as could be ascertained, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law had given their certificate to

195 TORIES
47 COALITION LIBERALS
2 COALITION LABOUR.

Take **London** which was represented in the last Parliament by 32 Tories, and 27 Liberal and Labour M.P.s. If the orders of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law were obeyed, this would be changed into 46 Tories and 13 Coalition Liberal and Labour M.P.s.

Take **Scotland.** In the last House it had 57 Liberal and Labour M.P.s. and 13 Tories. The Coalition orders would change this into 41 Tories, 29 Coalition Liberals and 1 Coalition Labour.

All this means that the Tories would be in sufficient strength in the new Parliament to **dictate their own terms. Do you realise what this means?**

You do not gather figs of thistles!

Will a Tory House of Commons and a still more Tory House of Lords give the people any **real Land Reform,** or can a Tory majority be trusted to apportion fairly **the financial burdens of the War?**

Remember! There ought not to have been a General Election **until the soldiers come back. The great majority of them will be unable to vote.** The new House of Commons will not be representative of the National Will. The Tory Peers will seize on that fact if they are asked to swallow any drastic measures of reform which they don't like.

Mr. Lloyd George says "I want **My Own Party.**" **But it will be a Tory Party** whatever he calls it, because his Whips are doing all they can to keep out Liberalism and Labour.

The country never stood in greater need of a **Free Parliament of Free Men,** prepared to demand progressive measures and to judge them on their merits.

The Liberal Party under Mr. Asquith's Leadership stands for **the Freedom of the People and of the People's M.P.s.**

As Mr. Asquith said at Huddersfield:

"We have been fighting for Liberty abroad.
Are we to have it murdered or stifled at home?"

Let your answer be NO.

You can give that answer by voting for the Liberal Candidates who have been selected by the Liberal Associations.

TO THE MEN AT THE FRONT.*—*You will get, or you ought to get, a Ballot Paper from the Constituency where you used to live. Put a X opposite the name of the Liberal Candidate, and post it back at once.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

SOUTH HACKNEY ELECTION.—The Editor wishes to thank the numerous correspondents who have written wishing him success in South Hackney, and regrets it is impracticable for him to reply to the letters individually.

MISS D. (Baron's Court).—"Several nights I had been wakened with your name on my lips." Hush, dearie. Might lose us votes if it got about.

C. C. (Cheltenham).—We never offered to bet on the duration of the war, so you can't ease us of £10,000. Sorry to disoblige.

L. S. (Great Portland Street, W.).—Your suggestion is to carry the Kaiser round in a cage and charge two bob a time to look at him, and so pay for the war. Why not add Little Willie at one and sixpence and Hindy and Von Tirps at ninepence apiece?

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Stratford).—The employer who docked your wages for "lost time" on Armistice Day deserves to be sent to Hunland.

E. R. H. (Petersfield).—The Wesleyan Minister who reproved you for taking JOHN BULL, saying that instead of letting in the light it "lets out the darkness," was himself emitting the poison gas of pharasaical prejudice. He wants a mind-sweeper.

"BOLTON LASS" (Bolton).—"Hard knocks sharpen the intellect. You must have had some, sir!" Good lass, it's the hard knocks we give that do the trick.

E. E. L. (Poole).—"If Germany is allowed to go scot-free, our taxation will be heavy." Germany must pay. *We* mustn't.

D. H. (S. Shields).—A coloured soldier who has fought for Britain is entitled to every respect. And surely he gets it while he behaves himself?

"LESTERLIN."—"Now that you are about to re-enter Parliament . . . would it not be infinitely preferable for the pawnshop to become a State institution?" We see what you mean, but the connection startled us at first.

E. H. (Walmer).—Thanks for the verse of poetry. Our office-boy says it reminds him of Shakespeare, only a bit fruitier in parts.

"GERTY" (Reading).—"I shouldn't think you could be a bachelor." Yes, we could, bless you. It's quite easy when you've got the knack.

L. J. C. H. (Chillington).—Surely any man of common honesty must admit that our magnificent victory is a proof that our moderate indulgence in alcoholic beverages has not "lessened the moral and physical efficiency of the English nation." For goodness sake, clear your mind of cant.

G. R. H. (Aldershot).—Your letter was received, but if we were to print all our readers send us, each single copy would have to be pushed home on a hand-truck.

"HUNGRY" (Eastchurch).—Sorry to hear you boys had a poor time on Armistice Day. Never mind; the victory's the thing, and we'll see you're not robbed of your main reward.

H. V. D. (Broadstairs).—Yes! Those trees in the grounds of Osborne House, planted by Huns, must come up—or, rather, down.

"WORRIED WIFE" (Hove).—"I have had a great struggle to keep straight through the small profit on controlled apples." Sincerely hope you didn't actually blot your copy-book.

"AIMEE D'ORIENT" (French Army).—Very sweet of you to want to "write to a nice English young girl," but afraid if we picked one out for you, we should make all the others jealous.

J. E. C. W. (Toronto).—Much interested to hear of your "phenomenal voice." Hope you don't sing in your sleep.

W. C. V. P. (Rayleigh).—Only 16½, yet you have served three years in the Cadets, digging trenches, etc., also been through 17 air-raids helping the "Specials" and Red Cross men. Help yourself to a bunch of thanks and a large slice of congratulations.

W. H. (Dublin).—The rascal who tore a patriotic rosette from the young lady's blouse ought to have had several black marks made on him. What is your age that you didn't avenge the insult?

"THREE YEARS' MAN" (Holloway).—As you say, "The 'flu comes from somewhere." And that's about as far as the doctors have got—until *we* identified it as swine fever.

MRS. H. G. (Woolsthorpe).—"But Kisar now your Dye is cast." A dark black, we should say.

K. M. R. (Belmont).—Quite true. Heedless matches do not redown to Britain's pride, nor are they calculated to keep the home fires burning.

"RAILWAYMAN" (Market Weighton).—A clergyman who raises his hat to Hun prisoners and hands out cigars to them, at the same time ignoring our own Tommies, is the sort of man who would be polite to the Devil, so as to be on the safe side.

"OLD MOLLY" (Newick).—"Is Mary Bull you wife or your sister?" She is now *Everywoman*, and going strong, weekly.

"FROM A RESIDENT" (Brighton).—We cannot "spare a space" in our "valuable paper" to call anybody an Austrian, just to oblige an anonymous accuser.

"SWEEP" (Hadleigh).—"I wonder what the Northcliffe press think of these few lines." We know what *we* think, and that's enough to go on with.

W. B. (Edinburgh).—If you *must* send us your insane effusions, please be good enough to prepay postage.

A. L. P. (Sth. Chingford).—If your boy of 16 is earning 17s. 6d. weekly in a West Indian merchant's office, we think he has little to complain about. If he had been three years older he might quite recently have been earning only eighteenpence a day, and risking his life into the bargain.

MR. HERBT. HULSE (Holmes Chapel, Cheshire).—Congratulations upon winning the £200 in our 309th "Bullets" Competition, but although you had already received over 200 prizes that was no reason for using a *nom de plume* or any other camouflage. Prizes are awarded on merit alone.

J. P. (Dartmoor).—We understand that the release of the Conchies is to be postponed till after general demobilisation. If not, there'll be a most unholy row.

L. M. (Walthamstow).—Joke to hand. You are fined three meat coupons.

PRIVATE A. S. (10th Royal Hussars).—Your suggestion has been put to the office staff, and lost by a single vote. So that puts the tin helmet on it.

A. S. A. (South Woodford).—Some of these flash watchsellers have a knack of breaking the mainspring while you wait, to enable them to repudiate the warranty. You'll know more next time.

"ONE OF THE SILENT ONES" (Chelmsford).—"Is there not one word of honour for the women who patiently work and wait at home?" On a moderate computation, dear lady, we have personally written five thousand words of compliment to these heroines.

"A MAN" (Essex).—We note your letter is a message from another world. At first, we thought you'd had a couple.

"EX-SOLDIER" (Palmer's Green).—Yes, you may call personally and chose your JOHN BULL Pen. We have opened a special depot for the purpose at 37, Long Acre.

C. S. (Custom House, E.).—We congratulate you on the birth of a son at the moment the Armistice was being signed, but beseech you, for the sake of the helpless infant's future, *not* to christen him "Armistice."

"A READER OF 'JOHN BULL'" (Manchester).—Anonymous abuse leaves us cold; but the Post Office benefits. So carry on.

MRS. E. S. (Mayfair).—"For asking for fish at control price was ordered out of his shop, with bad language, by a high-class West End tradesman." He was a low-class, fishy cad.

"A COMMON DIGGER" (Hospital, Chichester).—"A thousand thanks from the Aussi Diggers. You think as we think." That's real nice, from good hard heads!

"LIEUT." (R.A.F.).—If you buy an article for 1s. and sell it for 2s., is the percentage of profit 100 or 50? You would be a miserable profiteer.

J. A. F. (Levenhulme).—No use telling us six things told you by somebody who was told them by somebody else. It's like playing House that Jack Built backwards.

"STOKER" (Edinburgh).—"Kindly tell me where the old City of London is situated." In the same old place.

V. A. R. (Plaistow).—"The Poles hate the Germans, and I for one hate the ruddy race worse than the Devil hates God." That's the stuff to give 'em! Now wish yourself a Merry Christmas.

RIFLEMAN J. E. (B.E.F., France).—Mr. Lloyd George was born at Manchester. You take no "liberty"; nor did he.

LANCE-CORPL. T. A. I. (Leamington).—In some shops Hun postcards have been relegated to penny dips—which only goes to prove that the shopkeepers are dishonest as well as unpatriotic.

T. D. (Tidworth).—The next man who starts teasing us about bullets and engine-drivers, and trains at 60 miles an hour, goes down on our black-list for the duration of the peace.

"A READER" (Kingston).—Agreed that it cannot be healthy for people to buy sweets and kippers where they get their hair cut, unless, as you suggest, care is taken to prevent stray hairs from sticking on to the sweets and the kippers from breathing on the shaving soap.

MRS. A. B. (Walthamstow).—Glad we amused you, and trust we may have many further opportunities of tickling you in the same figurative sense.

"TICK TACK" (Leek).—"I wrote to the Ministry of Munitions reminding them that I could trap Macroni or Wireless choose where I went . . . they had not the manners to reply." They probably handed your letter to the Lunacy Commissioners, or the Food Controller.

F. W. (Brockley).—If any doctor attempts to persuade us that "margarine is quite as good as butter," we should recommend him to consult a brother practitioner—in the mental line.

"PRIVATE" (Bermondsey).—We would rather not share in the profits of sale of an article "found in the ruins of a farmhouse in Belgium," because findings are not always keepings.

SGT. C. W. (B.E.F.).—"If a brick weighs 7 lbs. and half a brick, what does a brick and a half weigh?" What have we done that ye throw these thy bricks at us?

E. E. C. (Mardy).—Foolish to send money to the Empire Ring people after our repeated warnings. You have only yourself to blame.

A. C. (Birmingham).—"I had splendid opportunities in the past to commit felonies, but I missed them." Had you not "watched your step," you might be doing splendid time by now.

J. R. (London, S.W.).—"Who is Lord D'Abernon, for God's sake, to say how much beer I shall drink and at what time?" Don't worry. He is only dressed in a little brief authority. If we can defeat those who would enslave us abroad, surely we can do the same to those who would make slaves of us at home.

J. J. (Wellington).—"Please insert this in your next issue." Sorry, but the blamed thing wouldn't fit.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

OUR XMAS GIFT OFFER.

THE "JOHN BULL" PEN GIFT COUPON
(VALUE ONE SHILLING)

Which appeared in our issues of November 16th and 30th

IS AVAILABLE TO 31st DECEMBER ONLY.

SEND AT ONCE.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Dec. 14th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

The

Daily Express

The Paper that gets the "Scoops."

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches, Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Linoleum, Carpets, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Furniture, Poultry Appliances, etc.

EASY TERMS J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

Dutton's shorthand is the simplest high-speed system in the world. There are only 6 rules and 29 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute.

Send stamp to-day for first lesson to Dutton's Business College, Room J, Skegness.

TRY FIRST LESSON

When buying Cocoa get

Cailler's

The Cocoa with the Chocolate flavour

Are you satisfied with your PIANO PLAYING?

If not and you would like to become a Brilliant Pianist, a Good Accompanist and Sight-reader, write for particulars of the **WRIGHT-HIGGINS SYSTEM of PIANO LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE.**

THE WRIGHT-HIGGINS SYSTEM OF PIANO LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE
PARTICULARS SENT on RECEIPT of POST CARD SHOWING YOU HOW YOU MAY BECOME A BRILLIANT PIANIST
WRITE AT ONCE

My system will undoubtedly save you an enormous amount of **Drudgery, Disappointment** and **Fatigue**, and while **doubling** your efficiency will at least **halve** the time necessary for you to spend at the piano.

Write for my little book entitled **"TRAINING versus TEACHING."** Therein you will find an exposition of the principles which underlie my method of tuition, it will also give you full particulars of my System and the fee I charge. (Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss.) **R. WRIGHT-HIGGINS, F.R.C.O., L. Mus., T.C.L., 7, Oak House, 167, Archway Road, London, Eng.**

Don't hobble along through life!

Throw off the shackles which hold you back. Win promotion. Increase your earnings. Learn the secrets of true self-development from Grenville Kleiser's great book,

"HOW TO BUILD MENTAL POWER,"

which is sent on 3 days' approval. Post coupon at once as this offer will be withdrawn shortly. Don't delay—act at once!

COUPON.

To **Funk & Wagnalls Co.,**
134, Salisbury Sq., E.C.4.

I enclose **6d.** for postage. Send "How to Build Mental Power," on **3** days' approval. Unless I return the book I agree to remit, within **5** days, either **18s.** in full payment, or **1st** instalment of **4s. 6d.** and **3** further monthly payments of **4s. 6d.**

Name _____

Full Address _____

Write clearly) _____

EVENTUALLY there will be an Ingersoll Radiolite for everyone.

To-day there is a temporary shortage owing to the urgent needs of soldiers, sailors and airmen. *These must be supplied* Meanwhile the public are urged to accept any Ingersoll Model available. If you are fortunate enough to possess an Ingersoll take care of it. With ordinary care it lasts a lifetime and will not need repair. Repair work is also delayed—men have joined the Forces—parts are difficult to obtain—be patriotic and don't waste material or labour.

Ingersoll Radiolite watches show the time by day and glow the time by night—24 hours a-day continuous service.

INGERSOLL QUALITY WATCHES are usually sold by thousands of shopkeepers throughout the Kingdom.

60/- down to 15/-

INGERSOLL WATCH CO. LTD.,
Dept. 208
170 RE STREET LONDON W.1

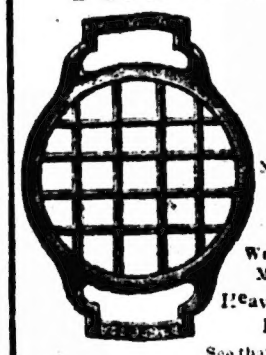
"GRASSHOPPER" DRAWS OUT THE POISONS

How Grasshopper Cures Chilblains, Eczema, Carbuncles. Ulcers, Bunions, Piles, Sore Feet, Poisoned Wounds.

For 50 years **GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT** has been absolutely unexcelled as a safe and certain cure for ECZEMA, ULCERS, BAD LEGS, POISONED WOUNDS, by removing the cause, which is to be found in poisoned and diseased blood. The ointment draws out the virus from the blood and tissues, and assures an early and complete recovery. **GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT** may also be used for CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, SCRATCHES, STINGS and BRUISES, as its healing, antiseptic properties have been found to be unsurpassed by those of any other preparation. **GRASSHOPPER** is absolutely harmless. Do not be persuaded to buy any imitation and substitute preparations. Sold by Boots, Taylors Drug Co., Timothy White, and all Chemists and Stores at 1/3 and 3/- a box, or post free from

ALBERT & CO., 73, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

PROTECT YOUR WRIST WATCH WITH A

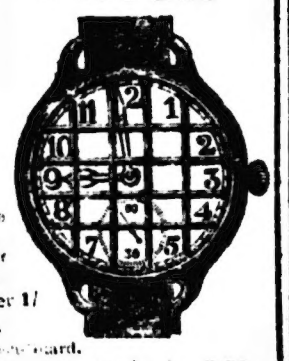


WRIST WATCH "Mesh-Guard"

Pat. No. 105534.
BRITISH MADE
NEAT—ORNAMENTAL—SIMPLE—STRONG
ABSOLUTE PROTECTION.

Insist on the Wrist-Watch Mesh-Guard.

In the little envelope showing the Officer's Cuff Trade Mark.



Heavily Silver Plated on High-grade Nickel Silver 1/
ROLLED GOLD or H. M. SILVER 2/6.

See that the name "Mesh-Guard" appears on every Mesh-Guard.

If unable to obtain, write to the Mesh-Guard No. 47 Dept. D, Imperial House, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

BULLETS'

1ST PRIZE £200

2ND PRIZE £20

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £2-10	10 PRIZES OF £1	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	200 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty examples given below. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—WHAT'S NEEDED NOW. Bullet:—A STATESMAN, NOT POLITICIAN. Example:—A COOL CUSTOMER. Bullet:—WANTED VERY KEEN. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated Jan. 4th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 313.

THIS CHRISTMAS	THE CROWN PRINCE	PLEASES BOTTOMLEY	MAN TO VOTE FOR	GERMANY'S PUNISHMENT
WHEN MOTHER VOTES	NEEDS HANGING	TAKING HIS SEAT	A COOL CUSTOMER	MY VOTE
MOST POLITE	UNDESIRABLE GUESTS	GOOD BUSINESS	FEEDING GERMANY	WHAT'S NEEDED NOW
ARMY OF OCCUPATION	A HARD LESSON	DRINKING WHISKEY	CHANGING HIS JOB	KISSING
PROMISED LAND	SOCIALISM	FREE AND EASY	SENSATIONAL ENDING	TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS
ELECTION EGGS	COSTLY GAME	UNDER PRESSURE	MY SWEETHEART LIKES	TRYING THE KAISER

Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 19th

No. ___

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(313) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 19th

No. ___

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(313) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 313. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write competition in top left-hand corner of the envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 314.

THIS—WELL-FILLED STOCKING—AFTER THE ELECTION—A MERRY CHRISTMAS VERY NICE TO—UNDER THE MISTLETOE—SOON FORGOTTEN—CONQUERING THE GERMANS—WITHOUT TOMMY—HEROES—A WISE MAID—CHRISTMAS BEER—TAKING IT EASY—GOING CHEAP—NEW MEMBERS—MANY HAPPY RETURNS—VERY DOUBTFUL—IN THE FUTURE—NO THANKS—A MUG'S GAME—WHEN FATHER RETURNS.

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JAN. 2. All coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 314 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets," No. 314, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty examples for competition 313.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Mr. H. NEWTON, 19, Bold Sq., Chester:
GOOD TIME COMING—IF "INDUSTRY" EQUALS OPPORTUNITY.
PIONEER M. GARRETT, M.E., 69, Ayrecome Street, Middlesbrough:
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—PARSON DESCRIBING HIS RABBITS.
Mrs. DIBBEN, 4, Lavendale Road, Forest Hill, S.E.:
SHAPING THEIR HOPES—"COULDN'T STAND" ANOTHER WINTER.
Mr. T. L. JONES, 80, Eastland Road, Neath, Glam.:
HEAVY DAMAGES — FIRST—FOURTEEN POINTS AFTER.
Mr. H. WIMMER, c/o C. Smith and Co., Stafford Street, Hunslet, Leeds:
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—ONLY TITLES WORTH HAVING.

Result of 311th "Bullets" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:
MR. HENRY W. MATTHEWS, 23, Cecil Road, Ilford, E.
Example:—ON PEACE NIGHT.
Bullet:—"SHADE" REMOVED FROM "GLOBE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:
Sergt. R. PROCTOR, 3373, R.A.F. Sergts.' Mess, Catterick, Yorks.
Example:—WHEN PEACE COMES.
Bullet:—"REGULAR" MUSN'T BECOME "CASUAL."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:
MR JOHN HEATH, 184, Ashmore Road, Kilburn, N.W.
Example:—WHEN PEACE COMES.
Bullet:—PUT "BACK" INTO JOB.
(Free "Target" Prize Coupon).

20 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:
Mr. T. W. MARGRIE, 493, Stanton Rd., Burton-on-Trent:
ON PEACE NIGHT—WINNING SIDE "ALL OUT."
Mr. J. ROBERTS, 9, Gilead St., Kensington, Liverpool:
THE BRITISH NAVY — "PROTECTION" EVERYBODY VOTES FOR.
Mr. A. ALDRED, 19, Larkspur Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY — TRAVELLERS NOW PACKING SAMPLES.
Mrs. A. HALSON, 55, Southfield Road, Middlesbrough:
THE RED FLAG—WOULD MAKE HUMANITY COLOURLESS.
Mr. E. BAKER, High St., Henfield, Sussex.
MILITARISM—ALLIES HAVE MADE "PAY."
Mr. C. W. POTTER, 120, Granby Street, Leicester:
GOOD TIME COMING — IF "PROMISED LAND" SUFFICIENT.
Miss K. CASEY, 98, Trongate, Glasgow:
AT THE FINISH—"MIGHTY" GLAD TO SURRENDER.
Mr. W. J. OTTAWAY, Teitahii Cottage, New Barn Lane, Swanley:
WEARING UNIFORM—GERMAN ADMIRAL'S ONLY OCCUPATION.
Mr. S. J. A. MUNDAY, 15, Westbury Rd., Forest Gate, E.:
AT THE FINISH—PROFITEER "PUTS UP" PRICES.
Mr. H. SIMKINS, 581, Barking Road, Plaistow, E.13:
WHEN WOMAN RULES—MORE THAN TEN COMMANDMENTS.
Mr. A. G. BARKER, "Unsleigh," Green Lanes, London, N.:
THE GERMAN MARK—REMAINS ON HER HANDS.
Mr. R. T. COOK, 2, Bradgate Lane, Rotherham:
THE LAST WORD—KAISER'S "I'M A DUTCHMAN."
R. CHAVELLS, C.S.M., 100, Old Church Road, Clevedon, Somerset:
SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY—DUTCH WISH KAISER WAS.
Mr. P. JAMES, c/o 585, Green Lanes, Harringay, N.:
FATHER AND SON—STILL "ABUSING" NEUTRALITY.
LIEUT. T. H. HOWE, 53, Albert Road, Ilford, E.:
WHEN WOMAN RULES—SHE "GRASPS" WHAT'S NEEDED.

Let Your "Victory" Parcel to the Front contain a KITCHENER COOKER

He will have more leisure and will expect your comforts. Don't disappoint him by sending an imitation—be sure it's a Kitchener.

Of all Stores, or Direct for 1/6 and 6d. U.K. Postage from—

Price 1/6 Each.

The Kitchener Co., 168, Tower Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

RHEUMATIC GOUT

If you are a sufferer from this painful malady or some other form of Uric Acid excess you should cure your trouble at once: don't delay, waiting won't help you.

Read this:—"I am pleased to tell you I have been at work for the last fortnight—I get about now without my stick. I am so glad I saw your advertisement in JOHN BULL.—It was just at the time my Doctor told me that nothing could do me any good. Now he recommends CURICONES himself to his Patients." (A.M., Plumstead) Follow this grateful Sufferer's example and cure yourself with CURICONES—the wonderful specific that cures after every other remedy has failed in cases of:—

RHEUMATISM NEURITIS LUMBAGO SCIATICA ACHES & PAINS etc.

FREE Send name, address and ailment and we will post you a trial package and an interesting book about "Curicones." Stephen Matthews & Co. Ltd., Dept. V 24, 19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Cheeriboy's Warisms No 12.

A "Blighty" One

"It's an expressive phrase," remarked Uncle Cheeriboy, "and to my way of thinking could well be adopted in civil life, for how often many of us have to stay at home, leaving work undone and business unattended to, because our system has sustained a blow or shock."

But even bad "Blighty" cases of indigestion, dyspepsia and stomach troubles vanish like dew before the summer sun when **Page Woodcock's Pills** are resorted to. You are soon "merry and bright" again, fit to face all and everything, and, like me, simply overrunning with good health and spirits.

Though **Page Woodcock's Pills** have been at the public service for over 70 years, chemical science has never discovered a surer or safer road to health, for they are unfailing in all cases of digestive disorders, biliousness, constipation, palpitation, anæmia, liver and kidney complaints and all troubles arising from such sources.

Page Woodcock's Pills

They make and keep you fit. 70 years' reputation. Sold by all Chemists. Have cured millions.

Will cure you.

VITADATIO RATIONED.

Owing to difficulties of obtaining shipping facilities from Australasia for the supply of the present Herb Harvest, the manufactured supplies of this

GREAT AUSTRALIAN REMEDY

MUST BE REGULATED.

The present ADVERTISED SELLING PRICES, namely, 1/3 2/6 & 5/- per bottle—from Boot's, Taylor's and most Chemists and Stores, or post free from the VITADATIO AGENCY, LTD., 23, Park Square, Leeds—

WILL REMAIN THE SAME.

REGULATE YOUR ORDERS.

To officers and men of the Dominion and Colonial Forces. Required by large Export Tobacco and Cigarette Manufacturers, Salesmen, with existing connections in own country with tobacco dealers. Salary and commission. Write, giving full particulars and probable references—"Tobacco," c/o W. J. Southcombe, 167, Strand, W.C.2.

WHY LOOK OLD?

GREY HAIR

RESTORED IN 3 WEEKS.

DANDRUFF Cured in 7 DAYS.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY, WITHOUT DYES.—The effect is natural; hair gradually becomes its natural shade until the true colour of youthful days is attained. The shade remains so; and keeps the same year after year. To prove its worth, a trial treatment and particulars, with a cake of medicated soap to prevent greyness, sent privately for 3d. postage, P. LIND, Chemist, 592, Clyde House, 489a, Oxford St., London, W. **TEST IT FREE**

"IONA" SCOTCH WHISKY.

is the result of almost a century's experience in the art of whisky blending, and its delicate flavour and delightful bouquet is evidence of the high-class malts from which it is distilled.

The whiskies in its composition are of great age, and immense reserves ensure that "Iona" will not deviate one particle from the outstanding qualities which have for so long distinguished it.

If you have not tasted "Iona" you have not yet realised the perfection of Scotch Whisky.

G. & J. MACLACHLAN, Ltd.,
GLASGOW.

Auchentoshan Distillery, N.B. *Established 1820.*

Of Great Benefit

"I TOOK Hall's Wine last winter and derived great benefit from it whilst suffering from nerves. I am now run down and cannot procure it—kindly advise me where to obtain it." *(Original on File.)*

Many to whom Hall's Wine is very necessary, write us—but we can only supply through our agents. As agents are frequently out of stock owing to the great demand the public are asked to have patience.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

Special arrangements have been made to meet the needs of patients for whom doctors prescribe Hall's Wine.

LARGE SIZE BOTTLE, 5/6

Of Wine Merchants & Grocers & Chemists with Wine Licences.

SOLE PROPRIETORS: STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON, E.3.

002

Fry's BREAKFAST COCOA

"THERE IS NO BETTER FOOD."
Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., Etc.

Digests with and adds greatly to the food value of any meal.

YOUR BICYCLE HELPS.

AS handy for a week-end spin as it is for getting to and from your work, your bicycle need never give you a worry if it's fitted with Dunlop tyres.

Dunlop

CHILBLAINS

See that you have a bottle of **POND'S** ready to cure and prevent this troublesome complaint. This simple, cleanly and pleasant remedy has a world-wide reputation for all-round utility.

You can apply Pond's Extract with confidence in all cases of **Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Catarrh, Soreness, Stiffness, Wounds, Piles, Varicose Veins, Rheumatism, Bedsores, Sore Gums, Eczema,** and **Bleeding** (internal or external). **Pond's Extract** is antiseptic—a splendid "First Aid" equally for the Nurse as in the Home.

Of all Chemists, 2/3, or Direct for P.O. to the manufacturers.

POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT. Invaluable for all affections to which an Ointment is applicable. It is the sovereign remedy for **Piles, Bunions, Corns, Rough Skin, etc.**

POND'S ANTISEPTIC CREAM for all **SKIN AFFECTIONS, Nasal Catarrh, Neuralgia, etc.**

POND'S EXTRACT Co. (Dept. 117), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

The Old Family Doctor
Pond's Extract

Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.

You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

FAIR AND HONEST OFFER.

No Benefit—No Pay. Full Month's Supply for Fair Trial.

SEND NO MONEY!

To-day, and until such time as the offer may be withdrawn, reade of JOHN BULL can obtain a full month's supply of a famous natural remedy and pay for it only if benefited. If no benefit, then no pay. At the end of the month, after a fair trial, write, either enclosing 4s. 6d. (the modest price of the remedy), or to state that no benefit has been received. In the latter case, no money need be sent, for none is due—no benefit, no pay.

Now, this is a wonderful offer, and all the more wonderful when the great reputation of the remedy is taken into account. For it is not a new discovery, but something which has stood the test of time and has to its credit tens of thousands of successes. It has restored strength to the nerves, it has banished pain, it has given new life and youthful vigour to innumerable men and women.

IS THE OFFER GENUINE?

Well, if it were not, this announcement would not be allowed in the pages of JOHN BULL; but can it be otherwise than genuine? The proprietors send you the remedy and you do not pay for it unless it has done you good. You are the judge. Any misgivings surely should be on the part of the proprietors, who put their full trust not only in the efficacy of the remedy, but in the good faith of the individual.

MAKING GRADE I. MEN AND WOMEN.

This remedy which you are asked to try is called VITÆ-ORE. It is not a patent medicine, but is the residue of a natural healing spring, and has been tested and approved by medical men of the highest standing. Dissolved in water, VITÆ-ORE not only gives new health and tonic strength through its vitalising power, but has directly beneficial action upon many stubborn diseases. It has produced numberless cures in cases of:

Nervous Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Neurasthenia, Neuritis, Anæmia, Rheumatism, and all "run-down" conditions resulting from Stomach, Liver and Kidney Weakness.

It is a powerful constitutional tonic. Headaches, pains in the back and special weaknesses of women vanish when VITÆ-ORE is taken. Men suffering from general lack of energy, who are easily fatigued, who are feeling the strain of the past four years, find rejuvenation in VITÆ-ORE. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic, pale, easily tired, derive the most wonderful benefit from it.

HIGH MEDICAL APPROVAL.

VITÆ-ORE, as already stated, has received high medical approval. The "Lancet" (the most important medical journal in the world) has stated, after analysis, that:

"THE CLINICAL RESULTS OBTAINED WERE SATISFACTORY."

As for public appreciation, the testimonials received would fill many complete issues of JOHN BULL. There is absolutely no doubt that VITÆ-ORE has proved a power for good. At this present time, when so many people are suffering from nerves and are "run-down," VITÆ-ORE is more than ever necessary. Why not take advantage to-day of the special offer which allows you a month's supply only to be paid for if it does you good?

Fill in or Copy this Coupon for Free Trial of One Month's Supply.

DO IT NOW!

To THE THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.4.

DEAR SIRS,—

I enclose 3d. for postage. Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "directions," and promise to report results in 30 days.

The ailments which trouble me are:—

.....

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. (four shillings and sixpence) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case YOU ARE TO CHARGE ME NOTHING.

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

.....

What About the Future?

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more men to successful futures than any other institution in the world. I.C.S. training is simple, quick, and certain. At little cost it comes to you wherever you are, at home or overseas, aboard ship, in hospital, or barracks, and follows you round wherever you go. Post the coupon NOW!

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.,
81, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Please send me your free book containing full particulars of the Course of Correspondence Training before which I have marked X.

—Mining	—Business Training
—Mechanical	—Secretaryship
—Draughtsmanship	—Salesmanship
—Electrical	—Advertising
—Building	—Window Dressing
—Marine	—Textiles
—Meters	—Chemistry
—Steam	—Wireless Telegraphy
—Boiler	—Woodworking
—Agriculture	—Furniture
—Poultry Farming	—Fruit Farming
—Civil Engineering	—Careers for Women

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above list, write it here.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

One trial of BIRD'S EGG SUBSTITUTE convinces the wise housewife—she realises at once that eggs are unnecessary in cakes, puddings, batter, &c.; and she always keeps a spare tin handy in the store cupboard.

Bird's Egg Substitute supersedes, and at all times takes the place of eggs. One teaspoonful of this golden powder imparts the fresh flavor and appearance of new laid eggs to puddings, cakes, buns, batter, etc.

BIRD'S EGG SUBSTITUTE

Excellent recipes with every tin and packet.

m.s. 54

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents: The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D. Chairman of Propaganda: Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary: Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

AN ENEMY WHICH KNOWS NO PITY.

To neglect treatment of Venereal Disease is like throwing down one's arms in face of the enemy. And it is an enemy that knows no pity. Once it has one fairly in its grip it may torture one for years and years. And in the end it may kill.

These are grave words, but they are true. Don't give the enemy time. Every day Venereal Disease is untreated, it gets a firmer hold. Start a counter-offensive at once. Kill the germs before they have time to entrench in the system. Go to the doctor or the nearest hospital at once. Those, too, who have taken a risk of infection should go for preventive treatment within a few hours; the sooner the better.

Free treatment under conditions of secrecy is provided by the Government in most centres. Apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking your envelope "Medical."

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